THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOL. LXXXVIII NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 5 NUMBER 1270

Notice of War Cost

The proposed war income-tax schedule backed by fifty Senators—enough to pass it in the upper house—is something to be thankful for. No doubt it will have to be trimmed down in the upper brackets because, as its opponents hastened to point out, the addition of such high rates to those already existing in certain states would in some cases make the income tax on a given net income larger than the income itself. But the principle is right. War is a hellishly expensive business. It has to be paid for, in real goods and services, by the generation that fights it. No hocus-pocus of borrowing can pass the burden on to future generations. All that the borrowing does is to place the burden on those who can least afford it, while enhancing industrial profits—because, under war conditions, borrowing stimulates inflation and rapidly rising prices. It is therefore both wiser and more just to distribute the cost through progressive income taxes. In addition, foreknowledge of such a tax schedule notifies people in advance what the cost will be and deters them from rushing light-heartedly into hostilities.

It may be asked why we advocate high taxation and as nearly balanced a budget as possible to pay for war, when we favor government borrowing and an unbalanced budget in time of depression. The reason is simple. In war, every productive resource is utilized and there is a shortage of man-power; therefore an expansion of the means of payment through loans based on bank credit leads directly to inflation. In depression, there is much idle capacity and unemployment; as long as this persists, government spending of funds borrowed from the banks tends to increase production and employment rather than to increase prices.

Dictated Inefficiency in France

The folly of France in granting unrestricted dictatorial powers to Daladier, in spite of the refusal of every party left of center to consent, was illustrated by one of his first decrees—that establishing a week of sixty hours or more in war industries. He doubtless believed that it was more important to speed up production of weapons than to safeguard labor's hard-won gains. It might be argued in rebuttal that there is no use in defending democracy if you have to give up democracy and labor's freedom in order to do it. Even if one admits the legitimacy of his purpose, however, the means adopted are almost sure to be self-defeating. Study after study of the relation between industrial fatigue and productivity had demonstrated, as long ago as the last World War, that long hours do not favor large output. Experience has shown that production increases with the shortening of working hours, at least as far as forty-eight per week and often below that. When one adds the psychological effect on workers who have recently been enjoying the forty-hour week, whose political representatives strongly opposed the power given to the French Premier and whose trade unions were not consulted in the change, it seems inevitable that the defenses of the nation will not be strengthened by this kind of driving.

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Mr. Roosevelt and General Franco

Newspaper reports have said that President Roosevelt is considering giving formal recognition to the Franco government in Spain, and appointing Jefferson Caffery as Ambassador. We hope neither of these reports is true; when the President was asked a few days ago about the first of them, he replied by pointing out that the accredited Spanish Ambassador to the United States is still Señor de los Rios, who represents the Loyalists. The arguments against recognizing the precarious Franco regime, bolstered by German and Italian arms, have already been set forth in our pages. As for Mr. Caffery, his record in Cuba and elsewhere in Latin America makes him a most unfortunate choice. Mr. Roosevelt, through his own voice and those of Sumner Welles, Harold Ickes and others, is engaged in a worldwide struggle on behalf of democracy and against fascism. The appointment of Mr. Caffery as Ambassador to Spain would certainly be misunderstood throughout the capitals of Europe as indicating that President Roosevelt has changed his mind.

Jerome Frank and a Chairmanship

With the elevation of William O. Douglas to the Supreme Court the post of chairman of the SEC becomes vacant. Of all the names thus far proposed the outstanding one, in our opinion, is that of Mr. Jerome Frank, already a member of the Commission. Mr. Frank shares the social outlook of the New Deal; he has also had wide and important experience in corporation law and finance. Too often, those who would like to see Wall Street kept in order don't understand its operations; while those who know what it is all about are as a rule indifferent to the public interest. Another point is that in the past there has been a tendency to use the SEC chairmanship as a springboard for ambition in another direction. Yet the job is sufficiently big and important to deserve continuous tenure for its own sake. Mr. Frank has demonstrated that he realizes the great significance of a body like the SEC in helping to bring a little sanity into the jungle competition of American finance.

One Good Change in Social Security

President Roosevelt and Secretary Morgenthau, in recommending the abandonment of the enormous reserve made necessary by the present Social Security Act, have adopted the position held by The New Republic ever since the act was passed, and explained several times since then. A private insurance company would be justified in building up a big reserve against future claims. But in the case of the government, the claims will have to be paid out of the existing national income at the time when they are due, reserve or no reserve. Why pass them from one branch of the government to another and pay for them out of present taxes? The high social-security taxes tend to restrict sales and employment, and place most of the burden on the lower-income groups themselves. Their sudden imposition in 1937 was one of the largest factors in the depression of that year. On a pay-as-you-go basis, social-security taxes could be lower than otherwise, and the government could use its judgment whether to tax or borrow to pay benefits, according to the economic situation at the time of payment.

The Economizers in Action

Chairman Eccles of the Federal Reserve risked very little the other day when he suggested that the economizers in Congress should put their ideas into execution and see what would happen. Mr. Eccles himself thinks that a sharp reduction in government spending would be a disaster but, believing in majority rule, he includes the right of majorities to make mistakes. In fact, however, as has been shown over and over, those who demand economy in principle are seldom willing to apply it in given appropriations. At present, conservative congressmen who have been roaring denunciations of the President's "wastefulness" are supporting a bill for aid to agriculture that has more than a slight odor of the pork barrel about it. It follows the principle, opposed by the administration, of subsidizing the farmers by trying to make up for low crop prices, regardless of how much the farmers produce. Many who are seeking votes in this way are unwilling to support the $150,000,000 WPA appropriation necessary to prevent starvation in the cities. Those backing the latter appropriation, however, may yet have a chance to trade votes.

Reorganization Slips By

Reorganization of the structure of the federal executive agencies along more efficient lines—that underhanded, dictatorial plot which gave the Roosevelt-haters the screaming meemies during the campaign last year—is nearly an accomplished fact. Both the House and Senate have passed the Cochran-Warren bill (which contains most of the important features of last year's reorganization proposal) and only a joint-committee conference over amendments stands in the way of final enactment. For fifty years Presidents and political scientists have called for such a tightening of the complex, overlapping maze of the government's executive bureaus. This bill, if it passes, gives the President power to investigate and then propose changes in the organization of all the executive bureaus, for the purpose of economy, efficiency and simplicity. He is not, however, permitted to establish any new major executive department or abolish any old one, nor to tamper with the ETC, ICC, NLRB, SEC, Civil Service Commission or

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has determined upon the needed changes, he sends his proposals to Congress and, unless Congress expresses its formal disapproval within sixty days, the plans automatically go into effect.

Do We Want to Revise the Wagner Act?

The American Institute of Public Opinion knows more about what the voters want than any of their elected spokesmen. But a recent Gallup poll on revision of the Wagner act, which showed that "only one voter in three (with opinions) is satisfied with the law," supplied little information. In answer to the question "Do you think the Wagner Labor act should be revised, repealed or left unchanged?" 48 percent of the sampling answered for revision, 18 percent for repeal, and 34 percent for no change. In other words, Mr. Gallup explains, 66 percent of the people who care one way or the other "are dissatisfied with the act today." Before Congress accepts the Institute's statistics as a mandate to meddle with the law, let it consider a few qualifying facts. Mr. Gallup has befuddled the issue (whether consciously or not) by arbitrarily dividing all those with any viewpoint on the subject into just two camps. In one group he puts the "satisfied" 34 percent. In the opposition he lumps all those who, for any reason, think a change is desirable. Most of these 66 percent, according to Gallup, believe that the act discriminates against the employer, that it "stirs up labor trouble" or that "it is not the government's function to take a hand in labor squabbles." Unwillingly allied with these people, however, are those who favor the principles of the act, but want minor modifications—for example members of the AF of L. The sentiment for repeal or revision comes largely from the upper and middle-income groups. The lower brackets are 53 percent for leaving the act as it stands. If the act is going to be revised, the revision will certainly be in the direction of weakening labor's status. We hope no one will quote this Gallup poll as clear evidence that the people want to water down the Wagner act.

Father Coughlin Repeats a Lie

Is Father Coughlin's paper, Social Justice, using verbatim anti-Semitic falsehoods put out by Nazi propaganda agencies? Yes, says the American Jewish Congress. It quotes an article from Social Justice of March 6, 1939, and shows that it is identical with material contained in Sigilla Veri, a publication of the Nazi propaganda house of Ulrich Fleischhauer. The article in question purports to tell how Moses Montefiore, addressing an assembly of Jewish rabbis in Cracow, in 1840, advised them to get control of the press throughout the world in order to advance Jewish power. The whole story of course is a lie. No such assembly of Jewish rabbis ever took place in Cracow; Montefiore never visited that city; Simon Wolf, a Jewish writer against Negroes in John and news treatment. Finally, the Jews don't control the press, in any country in the world. We doubt very much, however, whether the falsity of the story will stop Social Justice or, if they ever find out about it, its readers. Anti-Semites move in a strange half-world of their own, below the level of even intellectual curiosity.

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How to Handle Fascists

The recent assault on a Florida "Silver Shirt" by people who violently dislike this brand of American fascists is a good example of how not to fight fascism. It is the fascists' own method to beat up their opponents in defiance of law and guarantees of personal freedom. For anti-fascists to stoop to brawling blackens the reputation of the anti-fascist movement in the eyes of millions of Americans who, because they don't yet understand the danger of fascism in America, treat both camps with equal suspicion. "Giving them some of their own medicine" is no excuse. Anti-fascists must enforce the law, defend the Bill of Rights and win support against fascist attack from inside this country.

This does not mean to suffer helplessly at the fascists' hands. In so far as they break laws—and it is a characteristic of fascist groups to do so—fascists must be punished. In the past courts have winked at Black Legionnaires, Klansmen and vigilantes. But there are signs of hope for the future. Philadelphia's Chief Magistrate John J. O'Malley recently heard the case of thirteen men arrested for heckling and inciting to riot at a meeting of the Committee for Racial and Religious Tolerance. Detectives testified that they had previously attempted to terrorize sections of West Philadelphia and, as members of the Anti-Communist Association, had circulated anti-Semitic literature "too vicious and scurrilous to be read" at the hearing. Magistrate O'Malley held them in $1,000 bail for the grand jury, with the comment, "This sort of thing has got to be stopped, and the time to stop it is right now." And this is the best way to stop it.

When the Guy Is Down

So many pins have been stuck into W. R. Hearst that the sport has lost most of its devotees. But The Hearst Worker, published by the Communist Party units in the Hearst organizations, adds several barbs to the earlier ones. In tone and format it resembles the two other new Communist papers, High Time and The New Times, which we have already described. And it is equally good. The lead article in the March issue exposes the fake "Loyalist atrocity" stories the Hearst papers have been carrying since late January, and reveals that the source for much of the material has been Percy B. Scott of the Peninsular News Service, who is listed in the State Department's files as a paid Franco agent. Other stories in the issue describe Hearst's discrimination

Journal-American and Mirror, Hearst's smear campaign to discredit President Roosevelt's motives in supporting the "democratic" nations of Europe against fascism and The Mirror's double-faced editorial stand against the numbers racket while it has continued to print gambling data, tips and results in its sporting pages. One nice thing about these three Communist papers is that they are written and edited in the styles of the publications they heckle. The Hearst Worker has big black headlines and its trenchant prose runs in columns which change their type size every paragraph, with plenty of bold-face sprinkled in. Their art belongs to Daddy.

Scientists to the Rescue

Three doctors announce that they have found a formula for producing "a super race of strong men with increased intellectual powers." And it's ridiculously simple. All that one has to do is to ingest a sufficient quantity of unadulterated gelatin. We hope the scientists' formula is right. It isn't that we see the good of adding to the lethal power of Joe Louis' fists or Don Budge's backhand; we simply recommend that tons of this new-found manna be fed to certain European statesmen, beginning immediately.

Puerto Rico Needs a Look

When Nazi Germany tried to reply the other day to a blast by President Roosevelt against the dictatorships, its controlled press pointed to the bad conditions in Puerto Rico as evidence that the Democratic pot was in no condition to complain of the blackness of the Fascist kettle. Reluctantly we must admit that in this case the Nazis had something of a point. The situation in Puerto Rico is shocking indeed, and nothing at all adequate is being done about it. One-third of the people are in great poverty and the economic problem has been worsened by a sharp reduction in imports of Puerto Rican sugar under the recent sugar act. Deep political discontent exists over the fate of a group of Puerto Rican nationalists now serving long terms in the Atlanta prison for participation in a public demonstration that ended in a massacre. The Puerto Ricans believe the onus in the affair lay with the officials who first authorized the parade, then at the last minute withdrew the permit and fired on the paraders without warning. They also believe that the defendants, tried in the United States federal court, did not receive substantial justice. The Committee for Fair Play to Puerto Rico, an affiliate of the American Civil Liberties Union, has called upon President Roosevelt and Attorney General Murphy to investigate the whole question.

News Notes of a Week

An earthquake in a Hungarian frontier region caused people to run away, thinking war had begun. When they found it was just an earthquake they went back Van Loon were banned in Germany. . . . The London Daily Express reported that 1,000 Czech planes were flown out of the country as the Germans entered. They were said to have landed in Poland, Rumania, Yugoslavia and the USSR. . . . Refugees in China were estimated to have totaled 30,000,000, of whom 2,000,000 have died of starvation or exposure since the war began. Less than $1 (Chinese) per refugee has been spent by relief organizations.

The House voted for an investigation of the WPA by the Appropriations Committee. . . . The Supreme Court wiped out the theory of "reciprocal immunity," often opposed by The New Republic, by which states have been prevented from putting income taxes on federal salaries and the government from taxing the pay of state employees. . . . The United Auto Workers of America, CIO, held their special convention in Cleveland. The first report of the credentials committee announced the seating of 488 delegates representing 170,200 men, with still more to be passed on. . . . The La Follette Civil Liberties Committee prepared legislation expected to include restraints on the use of industrial police and strikebreakers and the sale of such weapons as gas and machine guns. The Executive Council of the AF of L passed a resolution asking the continuance of the committee's work, thus lining up beside the CIO, which has often done so. . . . The steward of the "Yankee Clipper," on its trial transatlantic flight, radioed the base to ask how long it takes to cook a three-minute egg at 8,100 feet. "Twelve minutes," they answered. On the stratosphere liners people better order their breakfast the night before.

Unstopping Hitler

WHETHER CONSCIOUSLY OR UNCONSCIOUSLY, deliberately or unwillingly, the conservative forces in European democracy continue to betray and weaken it. Last week we doubted the genuineness of their conversion to a firm policy of stopping the dictators; the events since that time have confirmed our suspicions.

Chamberlain's negotiations for an anti-Hitler bloc have fallen through, not because Poland, Rumania and other states concerned do not fear German aggression, but because, first, they do not trust Chamberlain, Daladier and Bonnet—how could they?—and, second, because Britain will not give binding promises of military and financial aid in case they are attacked. This failure must be attributed to the western "democracies" and to them alone. After the material and intangible consequences of Munich, what small nation exposed to German attack would be justified in inviting Hitler's wrath without being absolutely certain of sufficient help from Britain and France? The Soviet Union apparently was willing to try to work out an agreement, but with-

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ments would express their declared determination in practical form.

While these feeble negotiations were in progress, Hitler continued with his policy of expansion. He seized Memel from Lithuania—an act which had long been expected. He strengthened his hold on Rumania by an agreement which, though not constituting a complete absorption of the Rumanian economy into the Third Reich, assured him of all the wheat and oil he needed, at least for the present. It is a foregone conclusion that his political penetration of that state, already considerable, will also continue apace.

As if further to prove their befuddlement, the British and French conservatives are now again showing signs of being deceived by the old trick of enticement to axis-breaking. Apparently they are about to try to detach Rome from Berlin by further appeasement of Mussolini. Chamberlain, even in his Birmingham speech, in which he expressed his anger at Hitler for the final rape of Czecho-Slovakia, hinted that he would continue to try to make terms with the Italian dictator. Rumors have been flooding France that Mussolini was open to wooing from his German alliance. Il Duce's speech on the twentieth anniversary of Fascism was thought by the appeasers in both countries to be gratifyingly mild because it emphasized only Italian demands in Tunisia, Jibuti and the Suez, without mentioning Corsica and Nice, and because, while threatening war if he did not get what he wanted, he expressed the hope for better relations with Paris. Yet it is as plain as day that if France gives him what he now demands in the hope of pacifying him, he will return to the Rome-Berlin axis and ask for more later, no matter what he may promise. For it is only the backing of Hitler and the threat of war that enables him to register any gains at all.

The stakes that Hitler and Mussolini have won or played for since the capture of Prague are not large, and are not, in themselves, worth starting a world war about. Memel was originally a part of Prussia and is inhabited mainly by Germans. Though it is a port of some importance to Lithuania, keeping it out of German hands could be of little advantage to Germany's enemies unless they controlled the Baltic and North Seas. The bulk of Rumania's trade, both export and import, would under any normal economic system tie her closely to the old Germany, Czechia and Austria. The Anschluss and the surrender at Munich made it inevitable that German penetration would flow rapidly down the Danube basin. There is no good reason why an adjustment of Italy's claims in Tunisia, Jibuti and the Suez would in themselves endanger the world's peace or even rob the French colonial empire of anything of much value.

But considered as steps in a long-term policy of conquest, these minor advances assume a more sinister [illegible] world war, with its possibly revolutionary outcome

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Britain and France; they allowed Hitler to take it, at the very moment when they were pretending to have stiffened against him, without even a protest. Its possession carries further the encirclement of Poland and the march along the Baltic to Finland and the Soviet Union. Rumania gives him access to oil supplies, lack of which would have been fatal in modern warfare; it has been estimated that without them Germany could not fight a major war for more than four months. To give Mussolini anything under pressure, without a general world settlement that can be relied upon, would ensure that he would go on with his imperialistic plans. Furthermore, it would prevent the affirmative action that Britain and France should be taking, if they really had changed their front, to oust him from Spain.

So it appears that the increasing belligerence of the Roosevelt administration, together with its effort to alter the Neutrality Act in favor of the western European "democracies," has been completely fruitless. They are not intelligently defending themselves, and apparently do not intend to do so; it is therefore mere supererogation for us to try to do it for them.

Even now, Greater Germany is not so strong in staying power for war as was the German-Austrian coalition of 1914, while a combination of Britain, France and the Soviet Union would be relatively far stronger than at that time. Italy would be a dubious military ally, in view of her economic weakness and the power of the British and French navies. There would be, even yet, a chance of stopping Hitler in Europe without any aid from us if Britain and France would go about it determinedly. But in order to do this they would have to do the following things, as a minimum:

1. Throw out Chamberlain, Daladier and Bonnet, and replace them with statesmen who would arouse confidence abroad.
2. Make a binding alliance with the Soviet Union and smaller states to stop, by military means, any further aggression by Hitler or Mussolini.
3. Require, with a threat of naval and military enforcement, the withdrawal of all Italian and German personnel and economic aid for Franco in Spain, and then support a movement for a decent Spanish government.

This done, it might be possible to negotiate a European settlement which would preserve peace.

Neither Hitler nor Mussolini wants a general and protracted war. But they will continue to advance as long as they can bluff their way through. And we fear that they have many allies in Britain and France. Certain it is that in the latter nation at least there are many conservative supporters of the Daladier dictatorship who would rather sacrifice their country or have it go Nazi and ally itself with Hitler than to risk a

Massacre in Spain

NOTHING in the whole history of the bloody Spanish war has been so bad as what is about to happen among the Loyalists. It is obvious that Franco has insisted upon unconditional surrender in order that he may be unhampered in the systematic effort to exterminate the Republican leaders. He has said, it will be remembered, that he has a card index of 2,000,000 persons who cannot be permitted to live in Spain. Not even the bloodthirsty men for whom Franco is largely a puppet are likely to contemplate murdering the whole 2,000,000. There can be no doubt, however, that they propose to kill many thousands, in a massacre unparalleled in modern times in a supposedly civilized country.

When Franco took Barcelona, nearly half a million refugees streamed across the border into France. Of these about 440,000 are now living, under frightful conditions, in concentration camps. Men, women and children are herded behind wire fences, without adequate food, clothing or shelter. Disease and exposure are taking a heavy toll in these camps; The New Statesman reports that the death rate among the refugees would be extremely high were it not for the fact that most of those apparently about to die are hastily removed to hospitals.

Terrible as is the present plight of these prisoners, their future is likely to be even darker. Daladier and Bonnet are still doggedly carrying out Chamberlain's policy of "appeasement." There is grave danger that at any moment they may permit Franco's agents to go through these thousands of refugees and take back to Spain as many as they choose, there to face long prison sentences or, more probably, death before a firing squad.

The situation in the remnant of Republican Spain, as the end drew near, was described in a dispatch to The New York Times by George Axellson. Of the 7,000,000 persons in the Republican area at least half, said Mr. Axellson, were trying frantically to get out. A few foreign-owned steamers were willing to risk running the Franco blockade, and take out refugees at a high fare; but the number who have managed to escape thus is insignificant. Virtually all public services and facilities had ceased to function by March 26. Automobile traffic was at a standstill for lack of gasoline, and there were few horses to pull vehicles because all but the most decrepit animals had long been killed and eaten. Persons in the interior had hardly any means of making their way to the seacoast; if they did so, they could not be sure of getting a ship; and even if they found a vessel and ran the blockade successfully, they shared the problem of all other refugees, with nearly

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door in the world closed against them.

attempt of the radical elements in the Republican government to seize power, a few weeks ago, thousands of them had been put into prison, where they still are.

That Franco should find it necessary to kill all the leaders of the opposition to his regime, as he has already done in Barcelona and obviously proposes to do everywhere else, is a complete confession that his government does not represent the Spanish people, but the alien interests of Germany and Italy. He does not dare leave strong men and women alive because he knows that if he did guerilla warfare would go on perhaps for a generation. His is not a Spanish government. It is a government of Italians and Germans plus Spanish fascists plus Mohammedan mercenaries. Even now, if the foreign bayonets were withdrawn, it would crumble away. Certainly such a government does not deserve to be legally recognized by the United States or any other independent country.

As the final tragedy in Spain draws nearer, our minds turn to two men—Roosevelt and Chamberlain. The British Prime Minister, so far as we know, has never displayed much interest in or concern over human suffering anywhere in the world; but the friendship of the United States is still important to him. If President Roosevelt would speak out against the savage reprisals now taking place in Spain, as he has spoken out against German barbarism, Chamberlain and his government would be forced to heed; and Daladier will of course cling to Chamberlain's coattails in all cases. Mr. Roosevelt might well point out that the wholesale murder in Spain can no longer be excused as rising from military exigencies, or for any other legitimate reason. If worst comes to worst, he can ask Great Britain and France to supply ships and convoys to evacuate as many of the doomed Spaniards as possible. A hundred years hence, if Roosevelt and Chamberlain permit this massacre without protest, that fact may count more in the eyes of history than everything else in their careers.

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I Was Hitler's Buddy

The New Republic presents herewith the first instalment of a document that we believe has exceptional interest. It is the story of Adolf Hitler's days of desperate poverty in a municipal lodging-house in Vienna, told by his closest associate at that time, Reinhold Hanisch. Hanisch and Hitler worked together making and peddling picture postcards. In his memoir, Hanisch has given a vivid picture of Hitler as he knew him, and of the circumstances that had a share in the formation of Hitler's character.

Hanisch himself was a German-Bohemian, though of Austrian citizenship, and not a Jew. He was arrested in Vienna in 1936, after it had become known that he had written this memoir and that he was attempting to find a publisher. The charge, from Berlin, was that Hanisch had tampered with and falsified some water-colors done by Hitler at the time described here. Hanisch had discovered them in an art-dealer's files and they had been sold at a high price to a Berlin dealer.

Some time later the public was informed, as might have been expected, that Hanisch had died in prison after a sudden illness. He had died of pleurisy, in three days, the official report said.—THE EDITORS

IN THE AUTUMN OF 1909, after extensive wanderings through Germany and Austria, I arrived as a traveling artisan in Vienna. On the highway I had already heard about a lodging-house and I decided to go there, for I had very little money.

I soon found the Asylum for the Homeless, a large modern building behind the South Railway Station. The town's poor stood there in a long row waiting for admittance.

Finally the gates were thrown open and our line livened up. Everyone was given a ticket that entitled him to five nights' lodging, and it was punched by the supervisor. Inside, long rows of benches stood on both sides of the hall to accommodate the people. They went in couples to the showerbath. Those who were full of vermin had their clothing tied up in bundles and disinfected. This "burning-out" of the clothes often damaged them severely. After that the people returned to the hall, the upper part of which was set with rows of tables. Bread was brought in, soup was served, and afterward everyone retired to the dormitories. Cots with wire springs stood along the walls, each covered with two brownish-colored sheets.

Here everyone made himself comfortable in his own way. A pillow was made from clothes. Even if the seat of a man's trousers was patched and soiled they were carefully folded so that they would have a crease the next day. Shoes were shined, a shoemaker or a tailor about who offered his services for a few pennies, or for cigarettes or the like. Trading boomed in the dormitory; clothing was bartered or sold, and rolled cigarettes, and tickets of admission to the Asylum. Those who had been in the Asylum for a long time and feared that their cards would not be renewed were glad to buy new ones.

Crowds formed around a cot if a man had an interesting story to tell. I soon found my pals. At that time I spoke the Berlin dialect and all of them took me for a Prussian, so I was soon surrounded by many Saxons, Bavarians and Rhinelanders. There are no mopers among tramps. Wit and humor are the privilege of youth. Common worry bound us together; new traveling plans were forged; new companions found.

The neighbor on my right looked sad, and so we asked him questions. For several days he had been living on benches in the parks where his sleep was often disturbed by policemen. He had landed here dead tired, hungry, with sore feet. His blue-checked suit had turned lilac, and the rain and the "burning" in the asylum bleached it.

We gave him our bread because he had nothing to eat. An old beggar standing near by advised him to go to the convent in the Gumpendorferstrasse; there every morning between nine and ten soup was given to the poor. We said this was "calling on Kathie," probably because the name of the Mother Superior was Katherine.

My neighbor's name was Adolf Hitler.

He was awkward. The Asylum meant to him an entirely new world where he could not find his way, but we all advised him as best we could, and our good humor raised his spirits a little. I was also "calling on Kathie" daily, and we became close friends. He told us that he was a painter, an artist, and had read quite a lot, that his father was a small customs official in Braunau-on-Inn and that he had attended the Realschule in Linz. Now he had come to Vienna in the hope of earning a living here, since he had already devoted much time to painting in Linz, but had been bitterly disappointed in his hopes. His landlady had dispossessed him and he had found himself on the street without shelter.

After he was forced out of his room he had spent several evenings in a cheap coffeehouse in the Kaiserstrasse, but now he was entirely without money. For days he hadn't eaten anything. One night in his great distress he begged a drunk gentleman for a few pennies, but the drunk man raised his cane and insulted him. Hitler was very bitter about this, but I made fun

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He always wanted me to tell him stories about Germany, because he was quite enthusiastic about the Reich. We met every night, and kept up our spirits in spite of our troubles. We sang "Die Wacht am Rhein," and what a sparkle came into Hitler's eyes when we sang the Bismarck song, with the refrain:

Wir Deutschen fürchten Gott da droben
Sonst aber nichts auf dieser Welt.

(We Germans fear God above
But nothing else on this earth.)

Hitler had never heard this song before.

During the day we tried to earn a little money at odd jobs, and in the evenings we had our gatherings. When the winter cold set in, conditions for the poor like ourselves were much harder. Hitler went daily "calling on Kathie" to get his soup and afterward strolled to the Western Railway Station, where sometimes there was an opportunity to carry a passenger's bag for a few pennies. But often he got nothing at all, and we had to share our bread with him.

When the shelters were opened Hitler used to go with others to the one in Erdberg. This shelter had been endowed by the Jewish Baron Koenigswarter, and the Asylum where we lived was also a Jewish foundation. From Erdberg we went to Favoriten and then to Meidling, a two-and-a-half-hour walk, for soup and bread. Hitler had no winter overcoat; in his thin jacket he shivered with cold and was blue and frostbitten.

Hitler thought of all sorts of jobs, but he was much too weak for hard physical work. I never have seen him do any hard work, nor did I hear from him the story that he did a worker's job in the building industry. Builders employ only strong and husky men; a man as frail as Hitler would never be hired by the foreman. One day some ditchdiggers were needed, and Hitler asked me if he should apply for the work. I said, "Don't take up that work! If you begin such hard work it is very difficult to climb up." But I knew Hitler couldn't have done such work for an hour.

The early snow several times helped us to make money. We had to get up early and hurry in darkness and cold to the place of work, in order to be first. As Hitler was very weak and had sore feet he was usually late, but we made sure the supervisor gave him some work, too. So he shoveled snow a few times, but not often.

At this time he and I were already close friends. We knew everything about each other. Being a Bohemian German (Sudeten), I had strong German national convictions, and that was the reason Hitler attached himself to me. Also as a schoolboy I liked painting and my only desire was to become a painter. But life took a different course.

He told me a lot about his family. Hitler's father [illegible] himself a number of times by his [illegible] a certain man in Vienna who received parcels of cigars from Germany. Hitler's father was struck by the inferior quality of these cigars, and at the examination of one of the packages a cigar broke. A diamond fell out, and so a smuggler was discovered.

After his father's death Hitler's family received a pension of fifty kronen monthly, but his sister, who had just been married, received this pension and Hitler got nothing. He was not earning enough with his package-carrying for food, and in the evening in the Home we used to give him some horse-sausage or the like. It was a miserable life, and I once asked him what he was really waiting for. He answered, "I don't know myself." I have never seen such helpless letting-down in distress.

When he told me of the fifty-kronen pension his sister was getting I asked him why he didn't approach her. He said he could hardly do that, as his sister was just married and needed the money, but I advised him to do it, because he was worse off every day. He had a cough, and I was afraid he was going to be very ill. Finally Hitler said that he would like to write but he had no writing materials. So a salesman from Austrian Silesia and I took him to the Café Arthaber, opposite the Meidling Southern Station. In the coffee house he wrote a letter to his sister, asking, on our advice, for some money to be sent Poste Restante.

A few days before Christmas Eve, 1909, the money arrived. That evening Hitler came again to the Asylum and, standing in the line, pulled out of his pocket a fifty-kronen note. I told him not to show it so, because if anyone saw it he might be robbed or someone might ask for a loan.

Now a transformation took place in Hitler. I advised him to buy a second-hand winter overcoat in the Jewish quarter, but he was afraid he would be cheated there. So we went together to the Dorotheum, the pawnshop operated by the government. There he purchased a dark winter overcoat for twelve kronen.

Then he moved from the Asylum into the Maennerheim (men's home) in the Meldemannstrasse in the XXth district. I suggested that he do some work like painting postcards. He said first he wanted to rest for a week. But I asked him if now that he had a little money he wanted to spend it at once. He answered that he couldn't spend it all in a week anyway.

I had already suggested painting postcards before he wrote his sister. He thought he wouldn't be able to sell them because he wasn't well enough dressed, and also he was afraid that without a license we both might get into trouble with the police. In the Asylum Hitler offered some of his postcards to the salesman from Silesia, so that he might sell them, but he refused. Soon after Christmas I also moved to the Men's Home and began to peddle Hitler's postcards. He was a very slow

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his cards so much, to daub on anything. I sold the cards in the taverns.

Then Hitler copied postcards, most of them of Viennese views in watercolors. He took them to art dealers, furniture stores and upholsterers, for in those days divans were made with pictures inserted in their backs. I had good luck, was incessantly on my feet and brought in orders. Hitler was busy. Misery was at an end. We were doing better and new hopes sprang up.

But unfortunately Hitler was never an ardent worker. I often was driven to despair by bringing in orders that he simply wouldn't carry out. At Easter, 1910, we earned forty kronen on a big order, and we divided it equally. The next morning, when I came downstairs and asked for Hitler, I was told that he had already left with Neumann, a Jew, also living at the Maennerheim. After that I couldn't find him for a week. He was sightseeing Vienna with Neumann and spent much of the time in the Museum. When I asked him what the matter was and whether we were going to keep on working, he answered that he must recuperate now, that he must have some leisure, that he was not a coolie. When the week was over he had no longer any money. What had he done with it? He could eat four or five pieces of pastry with whipped cream in a cheap coffeehouse, but he drank no wine and did not smoke.

I recollect that we went one day to the City Hall to see the stained-glass windows, and I felt faint on the stairway. Hitler scolded me, saying that it served me right and that it was because of my continual smoking. "One must have some self-control," he said.

But unfortunately he never had enough self-control to force himself to work. Often I didn't know what to do with the orders because it was impossible to make Hitler work. In the morning he sat in the hall of the Home, and was supposed to be making drawings while I was busy canvassing the frame manufacturers and upholsterers. But then political discussion would start and generally Hitler would become the ringleader. When I came back in the evening I often had to take the T-square out of his hands, because he would be swinging it over his head, making a speech.

Like us, many of the inmates of the Home made a living by homework. One old man copied from the newspapers the addresses of betrothed couples and sold them to furniture stores and other firms. Another wrote musical excerpts. A Hungarian cut postcards out of cardboard, with emblems and initials, which he sold on Sundays in the Prater taverns. A group of people made little signboards and pricebills from cardboard, and for these Neumann was the salesman. Once he brought Hitler an order for a drugstore poster, to advertise powder to prevent perspiration.

The man who painted the signboards, Greiner, had previously been a lamp-lighter in the sch[illegible] was a great talker and soon became a bad influence on Hitler. Greiner built all sorts of castles in the air, and Hitler took his schemes very seriously. There was eager competition between them in devising plans, and Hitler would say sometimes that Greiner was a genius like Edison, with unheard-of ideas, but that he was too fickle and needed someone to carry out his ideas.

Hitler wanted to unite all these people into an organization following such ideas in coöperative work. Some of them should make drawings, design advertising, paint signboards, while the others should sell these products. But he had other projects as well. At that time there was a picture in all the newspapers of a woman named Anna Csillag, with long hair that reached to the floor, and below her picture was an advertisement, starting with the words, "I, Anna Csillag . . ." recommending an infallible hair-growing remedy. Hitler thought something of the kind ought to be invented. He admitted that the story of Anna Csillag was an obvious bluff, but he said one could earn plenty of money with it. He proposed to fill old tin cans with paste and sell them to shopkeepers, the paste to be smeared on window-panes to keep them from freezing in winter. It should be sold, he said, in the summer, when it couldn't be tried out. I told him it wouldn't work, because the merchants could just say, come back in the winter; we don't need it now. To this Hitler answered that one must possess a talent for oratory. But I thought oratory alone would be useless.

At another time he had quite an original idea about protecting banknotes from being worn out, by having them made smaller and kept in a case of celluloid.

So we were busy with high-flown plans, but we lived very simply. In the Home both Hitler and I did our cooking, one day corn pudding with margarine, the next day margarine with corn pudding. One day Hitler was showing off his culinary art; he was going to make a milk soup, but it turned into pot-cheese because it curdled. The next day I made some, and, though he said he didn't want to eat it, served it to him nevertheless. He asked me how I had made it and I told him that I had just done it the opposite of his way, and so it had turned out all right.

We also did our laundry, in the showerbath. Hitler had only one shirt, and there was a little Saxonian who used to say there would be fine weather the next day, because Hitler had washed his shirt.

At that time there was great political agitation in Vienna. The mayor, Dr. Lueger, leader of the Christian-Socialist Party, had just died. The Arbeiterzeitung, the Social-Democratic paper, printed long articles strongly denouncing the successor of Dr. Lueger. Hitler told us a lot about Dr. Lueger, who had been forced to fight hard for his position as mayor. Only after he had

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an example and a new party created. The Christian Socialists had been destroyed and the Social Democrats were not a real workers' party. The new party should have a name that sounded well, and should take over the best slogans from other parties to win followers; it was also important that the whole thing be well organized. The aim justifies the means, was Hitler's saying.

Dr. Lueger had also founded a very interesting institution, the Knabenhorte (boys' hostels). The boys were children of Christian Socialists, and they wore uniforms, formed bands and made musical outings. Hitler was very much interested in these and talked a great deal about them and about it being good for youth to be politically trained. For some time he was absorbed night and day with the idea of forming a new party. At Easter we did well and had a little more money to spend, so Hitler went to the movies. I preferred to drink some wine, which Hitler despised. The next day I knew at once that he was planning a new project. He had seen "The Tunnel," a picture made from a novel by Bernhard Kellermann, and he told me the story. An orator makes a speech in a tunnel and becomes a great popular tribune. Hitler was aflame with the idea that this was the way to found a new party. I laughed at him and didn't take him seriously.

I was sometimes annoyed with this chattering of Hitler's, for he went on talking politics instead of working for our customers. One day I told him to stop talking, he really didn't look the promoter of a political party, and he must do some serious work. He had more success with other people, however, for they were always ready for fun, and Hitler was a sort of amusement for them. There was continual debating; often the Home looked as if an election campaign were in progress.

Hitler wore a long coat that Neumann had given him because he couldn't dispose of it in the Jewish quarter, and he wore an incredibly greasy derby hat on the back of his head. His hair was long and tangled and he grew a beard on his chin such as we Christians seldom have, though one is not uncommon in Leopoldstadt or the Jewish Ghetto. I used to address Hitler often as "Paul Kruger" because the President of the Boers had just such a beard. Hitler had already at that time the lock on his forehead.

A joker would often tie Hitler's coat to the bench and then someone else would discuss politics with him. All of them then used to contradict him, a thing he could never stand. He'd leap to his feet, drag the bench after him with a great rumble, and then the supervisor would send his servant up to this turmoil and order everyone to be quiet. These debates took place over almost anything, and meanwhile Hitler was neglecting his work. When he got excited Hitler couldn't restrain himself. He screamed, and fidgeted with his hands. But when he was quiet it was quite different; he seemed then to have a fair amount of self-control and acted in quite a dignified manner. When speaking he was rigid, and showed his teeth.

REINHOLD HANISCH

(To be continued.)

French Democracy Risks Suicide

THOSE WHO CHERISH the preservation of free institutions and democratic processes in western Europe must be concerned by the news from France. On the ground of national defense Premier Daladier has obtained sweeping dictatorial powers for the next eight months. Such broad powers have never been given a peacetime government in the entire history of the Third Republic. In 1926, when France tottered on the thin edge of bankruptcy, not even the great Raymond Poincaré would consider abolishing parliamentary controls in order to save the franc. Nor would the Chamber of Deputies have supported him if he had attempted such a procedure. Now Munich has precipitated the unthinkable. The door to adventure has been opened wide inside the French democracy.

To anyone familiar with the French people's fierce and instinctive insistence upon the maintenance of parliamentary procedure, the change is far more sensational than any headlines have indicated. One wonders [illegible] the form of a slow poison. Dr. Brüning became chan- increasing doses of Hitler's own kind of fire? Will the pressure of events impose totalitarianism upon France?

Unfortunately, these questions have become more than legitimate. In support of their anxious tone, star witnesses, witnesses of a most impressive nature, can be called; notably, the ghosts of the defunct republics of Germany and Austria. From Harvard University a professor named Heinrich Brüning might be called to the stand. Or perhaps some privileged person should penetrate the Nazi walls around a certain distinguished prisoner in Vienna and there take down the testimony of Dr. Kurt Schuschnigg. Both these men suffered from the boomerang blows of "decree powers," once the suspension of free government by freely elected representatives evolved its logical conclusion. But whatever Dr. Brüning and Dr. Schuschnigg might say, the record of their countries' ventures into the no man's land of decree laws is sufficiently eloquent.

In the German republic government by decrees took

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for two months, until new elections had been held. By the beginning of 1931 Brüning was obliged once more to dismiss parliament and resort to emergency decrees, patently dictatorial in form, in his drastic efforts to save Germany's financial structure from complete collapse. When Brüning finally resigned at the end of May, 1932, the Weimar constitution had been suspended over increasingly long periods.

Things moved more slowly in Europe then. Even so the poison of decree-law government could not be neutralized in the German Republic. On March 28, 1931, President Hindenburg—upon Brüning's request—signed emergency decrees which sharply curtailed freedom of speech and freedom of assembly. On March 24, 1933—only two years later—the Reichstag voted complete dictatorial powers to Adolf Hitler for four years, with but ninety-four dissenting votes. That night, from the balcony of the Kroll Opera House, Hitler told a throng of cheering Nazis: "The first chapter of our movement is closed. Now we begin the second." Within a few weeks, the Communist, then the Socialist, then the Center and Nationalist Parties were dissolved. The evolution to dictatorship in Germany was complete.

Earlier in the same month of March, 1933, the Austrian republic had come to the parting of the ways. In a divided parliament Engelbert Dollfuss struggled with an eyelash majority which eventually faded to a majority of one, and that accidental. On March 4 parliament sank into a deadlock of utter futility and was adjourned as the government recognized its impotence. But little Dollfuss was determined to go on if a thread of legal pretense could be found. A brilliant search through governmental archives found that thread. It was a wartime measure which the Imperial Austro-Hungarian government, no less, had adopted in 1916 to regulate certain economic questions by decree.

Using this forgotten and abnormal emergency act as a pretext, Chancellor Dollfuss amazed his opponents two days later, March 6, 1933, by announcing the suspension of parliament and a period of decree government. Parliament, he promised, would of course be asked to approve the forthcoming decrees in due course. Instead of seeking such sanction from the Austrian parliament, however, Dollfuss suddenly abolished that institution in May, 1934. He dropped the cloak of legality, proclaimed a new corporate state and a new constitution. Dictatorship came in. The Austrian republic was dead. The way was paved for Hitler's triumphant entrance into Vienna four years later.

Certainly, dictatorial government has not been initiated in France under circumstances at all similar to those which prevailed in Austria, or even in Germany in 1931-32. But certain familiar traits are recognizable in the developments in Paris. Daladier pleads national safety, just as Dr. Brüning did in Germany. The French Premier reiterates his loyalty to democratic institutions [illegible] French supporters of decree-law government insist upon its emergency character and portray it as an interim measure. Despite these assurances and Hitler's absorption of Czecho-Slovakia, however, 264 French deputies voted against dictatorial powers. But France will not function as a democracy from Sunday, March 19, until next November 30, at least.

Students of post-war Europe will not overlook the fact that Daladier's dictatorial powers in France are much broader than any ever assumed by Brüning in republican Germany. The French premier has refused to limit the future scope of his actions, even verbally. If Hitler offers him any excuse, Daladier can keep parliament on vacation throughout next winter. He can postpone the national elections. He may follow the lead of Hitler and dissolve the Communist Party. He may suspend the right of public assembly, a right dear to Frenchmen ever since the Revolution. He may also slap down a dictatorial censorship upon the press.

At this distance it is difficult to judge whether the change to government by decree was imperative and unavoidable for the French. What must surprise and disconcert many friends of France is the granting of dictatorial powers to the very government which bowed so disastrously and ignobly to Hitler and Mussolini at Munich, and at the very moment when that "peace in our time" policy had been proved a cruel and most costly deception. It is astonishing that such unprecedented freedom of action should be given to a Cabinet in which M. Georges Bonnet—long attacked and mistrusted in France—still retains the post of Minister of Foreign Affairs.

Few of Premier Daladier's opponents would accuse him of deliberately wishing to destroy democratic government in France, just as none would question his patriotism. It is not what M. Daladier may now *intend* to do that awakens a deep concern over the fate of French democracy. It is what he may be *persuaded* to do under the hard pressure of external circumstances, just as he was persuaded to agree to the dismemberment of Czecho-Slovakia at Munich. Decree laws are to democratic processes what cocaine and morphine are to pain. They give temporary relief from immediate suffering but, like every drug, they are habit-forming.

American and other foreign correspondents in France are agreed that the totalitarian spirit has been growing steadily among the French for many months now. With the new granting of dictatorial powers to Daladier, this tendency must inevitably become much more pronounced. For a long and full generation Frenchmen have known nothing but an uninterrupted republican form of goverment. Perhaps this is the only fact that would justify a restrained, almost a desperate hope, that the Third French Republic may yet contradict the lessons of history and somehow refuse to succumb to

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Fansteel vs. Human Rights

YOU WERE MISLED the other day. Mr. Justice Hughes lashed out against the sitdown strike in the Fansteel decision and the press of the country headlined the attack in such fashion as to make it appear that the National Labor Relations Board had defended the sitdown, thus condoning "violence in defiance of the law of the land." The Board, however, did no such thing. Quite the contrary. In its argument before the Circuit Court of Appeals the Board admitted that the sitdown strikers "did a foolish and illegal act." And in his argument before the Supreme Court, Mr. Fahy, the general counsel of the Board, again conceded that the sitdown was unlawful.

It was to be expected that Mr. Justice Hughes would be agitated about "illegal seizure of the buildings," but his remarks in that connection were entirely gratuitous—the sitdown was not being argued. The question at issue was not the legality of the sitdown or whether the Board was for or against it; the real question, as Mr. Justice Reed pointed out in his dissenting opinion, was "Can an employee on strike, or let out by unfair labor practice, be discharged, finally, by an employer so as to be ineligible for reinstatement under the [National Labor Relations] act?"

Despite its disapproval of the sitdown, the Board was of the opinion that the striking employees merited the protection of the act and ordered that they be reinstated. Mr. Justice Hughes, speaking for the majority, felt that the strikers, because of their illegal action, put themselves outside the protection of the statute; that to reinstate them was "to subvert the principles of law and order which lie at the foundations of society."

To some of us equally concerned with the foundations of society, the employment of a labor spy is just as subversive of the principles of law and order as the reinstatement of a group of sitdowners. Fansteel hired a labor spy. It did other things equally reprehensible. Mr. Justice Hughes sustained the Board's findings in regard to these unfair labor practices.

The Fansteel Metallurgical Corporation is engaged in the manufacture and sale of various products from tantalum, tungsten, molybdenum and other rare metals. Many of its workers are highly skilled—according to the testimony of the president of the company, "fellows who develop a sort of sixth sense as to when there are cycles of current that are affecting their operations," who "know when to turn a valve off because the job is done, and not simply because it is half-past eleven." Of eighty who testified on their length of service, more than half had been employed from seven to twenty-five years. You see the set-up—small money could, without difficulty, get a loan from the employer), few conflicts, no "labor trouble."

In June, 1936, the picture changed. Efficiency experts were brought into the plant and the immediate result was the introduction of the speed-up. In the cutting room, where the workers were cutting on an average of 12,000 to 13,000 discs a day, they were now required to cut 15,000 to 16,000 for the same pay. Men who had earned $6 to $6.70 a day found themselves unable to earn more than $4. They went to the plant superintendent to discuss the matter and were met with curt refusals to make any improvement.

At this point the men felt the need of a union. They began organizing on July 4. Since only two of their number had ever belonged to a union before, they sought for and obtained the help of Meyer Adelman, organizer for the SWOC. By August 14, their union was given its charter as Lodge 66 of the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel and Tin Workers.

In the next six months the picture took on an appearance familiar to students of American labor history. There were the usual attempts by the union to negotiate a contract and the equally common refusals by the management to have anything to do with an "outside" union. On August 17, 1936, three days after Lodge 66 had received its charter, the company applied for membership in the National Metal Trades Association. If you are not familiar with the practices of this notorious open-shop employers' association, one item from its Declaration of Principles will serve as a guide—the members promise not to "deal with striking employees as a body."

No time was lost after Fansteel joined this select club. The day after its application was sent in, the company asked for and received an NMTA espionage operative, Alfred Johnstone, a labor spy with Corporations' Auxiliary and Sherman Service experience. In three days Johnstone was a member of the union and his reports were being sent weekly to the home address of President Aitchison.

It has been further established by the Board, that on February 17, 1937, the union had a majority of the production and maintenance workers—155 out of the 229 employees were members. On that day, a duly authorized bargaining committee of the union met with Superintendent Anselm to seek recognition of the union and collective-bargaining rights. Anselm told the committee that the company still refused to recognize "outside" unions. The men asked that he take up the matter with President Aitchison. Anselm did so and that afternoon he gave the committee the company's answer

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Fansteel's key building. The sitdown strike was on.

That evening, Anselm, two policemen and Max Swiren, a Fansteel lawyer, went to each of the buildings and asked the men to leave. They refused. Swiren "thereupon announced in loud tones that all the men in the plant were discharged for the seizure and retention of the buildings." (Query: Did the employer have the right to discharge these men for the reason given, or did the men retain their status as employees because their "illegal" strike was so obviously the result of the unfair labor practices of the employer?)

Later the union leaders testified that they had had no idea that it would be necessary to occupy the plant for more than a few hours. They were ready at all times to resume normal operations as soon as Fansteel showed a willingness to negotiate. All of the evidence indicates that they occupied the plant in good faith; they did not injure the property, but on the contrary took special pains to protect it. Laboratory workers were permitted to return to the laboratory to continue their testing; equipment was carefully placed away so that it would not be injured; the machinery was oiled and wrapped in waterproof paper to prevent rust.

However, company property *was* damaged. On February 18, Fansteel obtained an injunction against the strikers from the Circuit Court. It was read and posted in the plant. The next day a writ of attachment for contempt was served on the men. When they still refused to leave, the sheriff and his deputies attacked with battering ram, tear gas and baseball bats. The workers counter-attacked with acid, nuts, bolts and other missiles. The sheriff and his men retreated, and the workers remained in the buildings until February 26, when another pitched battle took place in which the men were ousted and placed under arrest for violating the injunction. It was during these two attacks by the sheriff that windows were broken, doors smashed and equipment destroyed. The damage was done by both sides.

During the entire period when the strikers were in possession of the plant, the union continued its efforts to settle the trouble. In response to its appeal the state and federal Departments of Labor and the Governor of Illinois attempted to mediate, but to no avail. The management would not budge from its previous position.

After the strikers had been evicted, Fansteel began operations again. The men, *both those who had participated in the sitdown and those who had not, were sought out by company officials and asked to return to work.* There was only one condition—that they abandon their fight for union recognition. Thirty-seven workers accepted this condition and they were reinstated by the management *with back pay for the time they were in possession of the plant.* Many of the thirty-

There was one other difference in treatment between those who participated in the sitdown but capitulated to the company, and those who participated but held out for union recognition. Both had violated the state law in regard to the injunction. *But only those who refused to abandon the union fight were fined and sent to jail by the state court.*

The NLRB ordered reinstatement of *all* the strikers. It wanted "to obliterate the distinction between those who actually took their places back and those who except for their adherence to the union would have been back on their old jobs." It was this order of reinstatement which Mr. Justice Hughes, for the Court majority, abrogated.

The decision raises several questions of great importance to those who are concerned about workers' rights under the NLRA. An employer, by his unfair labor practices in violation of the act, provokes a strike. If indiscriminate right is now given him to discharge his employees while they are on strike, then protection under the act is gone. As Mr. Justice Reed pointed out, "Friction easily engendered by labor strife may readily give rise to conduct, from nose-thumbing to sabotage, which will give fair occasion for discharge on grounds other than those prohibited by the labor act." An extremely fertile field is here opened up for the agent provocateur.

The workers participated in an illegal seizure of the plant. They violated the law. Granted. But they were punished for that violation by the state court, the only power that had jurisdiction. By being denied reinstatement they were punished a second time for the same offense. Further, this refusal of reinstatement turns the government into an agency for establishing the blacklist. What company will now give these workers employment?

Nor must it be forgotten that the misconduct of the workers was provoked by the employer's violation of the law. He too was a law-breaker—that is admitted by the Court majority. What punishment was meted out to him? None. For the employer there was no injunction, no fine, no jail sentence.

It was the Chief Justice himself who pointed out in the case of National Labor Relations Board v. Jones & Laughlin Steel Corporation that: "Refusal to confer and negotiate has been one of the most prolific causes of strife. This is such an outstanding fact in the history of labor disturbances that it is a proper subject of judicial notice and requires no citation of instances." Confronted with a case in which one side was deprived of a personal right, the right of human liberty in connection with the right to work, and the other side suffered a property damage, Mr. Justice Hughes did not take proper judicial notice of the outstanding fact which

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Where Can the Refugees Go?

EUROPE TODAY is filled with homeless, wandering refugees—victims of man's inhumanity to man. They come from half a dozen countries and they include men, women and children of all social classes and very nearly every type of misery with which the human race can be afflicted. There are hundreds of thousands of Spaniards who have stumbled wearily across the border, escaping from Franco to brutal treatment in French concentration camps. As I write, many hundreds of Jewish refugees from Italy are suffering dreadful hardships in the snows of the Alpine passes. In France, Belgium, the Netherlands, the Scandinavian countries and Great Britain are found in varying numbers those who have fled before the terror in Nazi Germany and in the lengthening list of countries where German doctrines are increasingly practised. The question has now become even more urgent as to where the refugees, whether Jewish or others, can go.

We should note first of all that there are many people who believe it is a mistake for the democratic nations to assist their emigration. The argument is that by helping to get the refugees out of Germany and the other European countries which are with increasing severity following similar policies, we are playing into the dictators' hands; we are doing exactly what they want us to do. Those who take this view insist that the inhuman treatment of their minorities by these countries should not be condoned; that on the contrary, the rest of the world should demand that it be stopped, and should be prepared to back up this demand by force.

I am heartily in favor of doing everything that is possible, short of increasing the danger of another world war, to fight fascism in Germany and everywhere else. The forces within these countries that are resisting dictatorship are deserving of all possible sympathy and support. It is quite possible, I concede, that so far as Germany is concerned, Hitler may have fallen before the last of the refugees—600,000 Jews and an undetermined number of additional non-Jews—have been removed from the country. Nevertheless, it is plain that whatever may be said theoretically for a policy of using force to bring mistreatment of minorities to an end, no existing government is willing to carry it out. Even Soviet Russia has made no formal protestation, so far as I am aware, and has done little if anything to facilitate the emigration of the victims. When the nations will not fight, or take a firm line, even if important interests of their own are at stake, as was the case with Great Britain and France at Munich, it is idle to suppose that they will do so in support of the principle of

tory of negotiations for taking care of refugees. The story has never been told in detail, for diplomatic reasons, and it is so unpleasant that no one has any desire to recite it. In summary, however, it may be said that every country has been hospitable or inhospitable in approximately the degree to which it believed that the entrance of enforced emigrants would be a benefit or a harm.

Where can the refugees go? So far as the Jews are concerned, attention was naturally given first to Palestine, where a great immigration of Jews from many countries has taken place during the past two decades. But unfortunately, Palestine has become a pawn in the game of international politics. The Rome-Berlin axis is greatly increasing its power in the Mediterranean, at the expense of Great Britain. If we look ahead a few years, it is far from certain that England will play the predominant role in Asia Minor that she now does. Palestine may come under the influence of countries which are themselves bitterly anti-Semitic. It may not be safe for the Jews.

Even if this does not happen, Palestine is far from being an ideal Jewish community. I have not space or inclination to discuss the Palestinian question in its full detail, but it is pertinent to observe that to the inevitable clash between two races differing in religion, background and ways of life have been added conflicts arising out of landlordism—on both sides—and other manifestations of private capitalism—on both sides. Arab nationalism has been whipped up by individuals seeking specific ends of their own, and no doubt has also to some extent been a sincere feeling of alarm lest the influx of Jews abroad should crowd the Arabs out. The ultimate solution is for the Arabs and the poor Jews to stand together for peace and against their oppressors of both races; but this is a long way off, and time won't wait.

Numerous proposals have been made for settling the refugees in various comparatively uninhabited parts of the world. The British have seriously discussed Tanganyika, but apart from every other objection, the strong possibility that it may be returned to Hitler would seem an insuperable bar. Alaska has been widely talked of; it contains only a few thousand inhabitants, although it could support many more; there are great possibilities of developing a tourist trade there, and the Jews have shown that they are well adapted to the operation of hotels and allied activities. If we should see any large-scale emigration of Czech peasants, they would be admirably fitted, by temperament and training, to practise agriculture in Alaska. Lower California has been men-

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prosperous as the irrigated sections of Palestine. Lower California is now part of Mexico, but has only a tiny population, and the Mexican government, whose financial troubles are extremely serious, might be willing to sell the territory partly for cash and partly for a credit against expropriated foreign oil and agricultural lands. An objection, of course, is the possibility that Mexico also might install a fascist regime with a strong anti-Semitic bias.

J. Russell Smith, the noted geographer, has suggested British Guiana, in northeastern South America. He admits that the climate is almost unendurable for the white man, but thinks this can be solved by the use of air-conditioning, with an entire village all under one roof. He recognizes that outdoor agricultural labor would have to be done under tropic conditions, but asserts that white men can survive this comfortably if they can eat and sleep in air-conditioned houses. He thinks agriculture would form the main occupation of the colonists. "Guiana," he says,

> will afford the new colonists opportunity to grow plenty of carbohydrate foods, sugar, sweet potatoes, yams, bananas, corn and cassava. There is plenty of vegetable protein, beans of many kinds, including the soy bean, which is one of the four perfect proteins. Another of the four perfect proteins is furnished by the Brazil nut, which will also probably grow in this climate. Vegetable fat will be furnished by a number of edible palm oils and especially by the alligator pear, now growing in Guiana.
>
> The coffee and cacao trees both thrive, as do many of the tropical fruits.
>
> Guiana is below the hurricane belt, and the resultant absence of destructive winds is a substantial asset.
>
> Meat will be relatively scarce—this is not a land of good grass. There should be some fishing villages on the coast and a frozen-fish service up the river.

A chief difficulty, Professor Smith points out, is the absence of a cash crop with which the new inhabitants of this country could finance their imports. Rubber, palm oil, palm nuts, Brazil nuts and tropic woods could be produced, but only in competition on the world market with the low-paid coolie labor of the East Indies and therefore at impossibly low selling prices. He suggests that the colonists should manufacture shoes, create a chemical-refining industry and in general try to manufacture for the world market in competition only with countries in the temperate zone where labor is better paid.

Other suggestions have been made as to possible homes for the refugees—Rhodesia, Central Australia, half a dozen of the South American countries. Some of them have good land available in fairly large quantities and in certain cases the present inhabitants might be willing to accept additional settlers. But there are other difficulties that now seem insuperable. The world done in Australia and Canada, in particular, that it is hopeless to send people out as farmers unless they have definite technical skills, substantial experience and a fairly large working capital. Even with free land and other state assistance, the general rule is that the pioneer must have a minimum of about $1,000 in cash. These two requirements cannot possibly be met in regard to the would-be colonists from Central Europe. They do not have agricultural experience and there is no way to impart it in the brief period of time in which the operation must take place. Germany is systematically robbing her victims of all their wealth in whatever form it exists. She will not permit those who leave the country to take with them anything like a thousand dollars per family. As far as possible, the Nazis will prevent their victims from taking out any money at all. To provide for even the comparatively small number of Jews in Germany would need $150,000,000, even if the other conditions could be met.

Most serious obstacle of all is the fact that most of the refugees are not the sort of men and women to go and pioneer in Alaska or British Guiana. Heretofore frontiers have almost always been occupied by self-selected groups with very special characteristics. The overwhelming majority of the involuntary exiles are people of the lower middle class, small shopkeepers or traders. Many of them—an abnormally large proportion of the total population—are intellectuals—doctors, lawyers, journalists, artists. Such people are helpless under the exigencies of rough agricultural pioneering.

We might as well face frankly the fact that even under the best of circumstances, being driven into exile is a terrible psychic experience, so terrible that it leaves permanent scars. Human beings have a profound impulse to send down roots, and they suffer when these roots are violently broken off. In the case of highly gifted specialized individuals, writers, scientists or artists, qualities of tremendous value will survive the process of transplanting; but for many others, this is not true. Time and time again the newspapers record suicides, or attempts at suicide, among refugees, here in America. At first glance, one might suppose that once an exile had got safely out of Germany, and had established himself in the new world, his troubles would be largely over; yet many of the attempts at suicide have come precisely among these groups.

It is no possible solution to try to put the refugees, whether Jews or non-Jews, off in some odd corner of the world. Being transplanted under the best of circumstances to a civilization much like that from which they have come, will be for most of them a most difficult psychological experience. Human beings cannot be bandied about the world like chunks of wood. Unless the United States is prepared to open its doors to substantial numbers, then the future is black indeed

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Shoot the Works

Post-Vacation Reflections

ONCE UPON A TIME I spoke to a publisher about a friend of mine. I said that although he was a man of letters he had expressed an inclination to take a fling at newspaper work as an editorial writer. The publisher knew the author in question by name and fame and seemed favorably inclined, but just to guard against later misunderstandings I brought up a chink in the armor of my acquaintance. "You probably know," I admitted reluctantly, "that he is a passionate agnostic and has written several books attacking all orthodox religion. This I deplore, but there it is."

"I wouldn't bar him on that ground," the publisher responded. "His religious beliefs are none of my business." But then he paused and tapped his pencil on the glass-topped desk for several seconds.

"There's just one thing that worries me," he added. "You don't suppose, Heywood, that he'd insist on writing an editorial against God every day in the week?"

My sympathies were with a newspaper owner for once and I promised to advise my friend to mitigate his fervor and lay off his pet subject on occasion. And it seemed to me that I was doing a favor to both employer and employee. It is well enough for literary folk to take some bit in the teeth and hammer away relentlessly in one novel or factual study after another. But journalists, I feel, must be made of stuff somewhat less stern.

There is perhaps a kind of cowardice in fiddling. Somebody else will have to make the case for Neronian indifference. But I think a sound defense might be offered for the imperial violin if Rome were in the habit of burning seven days a week on regular schedule.

The present conflagration of civilization presents precisely that aspect. It seems to be true that Hitler has none of the minor vices and that while his adversaries are drinking beer or smoking cigarettes he is active in carrying through new crimes against civilization.

And yet I feel that it will get him in the end. Fighters and football players have to break training upon occasion and I have no faith in any theory that Führers are superhuman. And so I think that men and women of reasonably good intentions have a right to absent themselves from the front-line trenches for a month or so each year.

But there's the rub. A pleasant week-end of abstention from pressing problems may turn even the most valiant into a permanent escapist. As a minor crusader I realize the risk I take each winter in going to Miami, Florida. Generally I excuse the flight on the ground of a slight bronchial tendency. But my ailment lies deeper. There comes a time in the life of every newspaperman when he says petulantly to himself, "Do I have to take a position on something every morning of my life?"

And this heresy grows upon the reasonably good guy as his arteries harden. In Florida I dodged an opportunity to [illegible] I'm going to answer the telephone. For these two weeks you're not going to save anything."

It is possible that I took her too literally, for at the end of fourteen days I'm back in harness again convinced that nobody can beat the horse races and that the dogs, who run at night, are also dubious investments. It seems to me a little silly now that an entire New Republic check should have been practically cut in half while a hound in green was steadily fading back before the rush of the number-one contender in a red blanket. Indeed I am just a little worried as to my status on a journal of opinion when the bursar looks over the accounts and finds that a fair token from an intellectual magazine has been endorsed to the order of the Miami Beach Kennel Club.

And yet I would be unfair to myself if I were to pretend that I abandoned wholly all organizational effort. A man who gave me a tip on the third race remained to say, "I understand that you have been active in white-collar organizations—what they call the intellectual groups."

Glancing down nervously at my shirt, I answered that I hoped there was something in what he said.

"Well, then," he said, "I think you ought to know that sheet writers for bookmakers are much exploited and that we ought to have a union." A mass meeting has been arranged for the middle of April.

And after all, although horse racing has been called the sport of kings it has its radical implications. I have often wondered why The Daily Worker, which now puts out an excellent sports page, has been so chary in class-angling athletics. As a matter of fact it neglects the tracks altogether, although I understand the sport flourishes in the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics. To me it seems there is an underlying democracy in the contests. Indeed an old adage of the track runs that everybody is equal on the turf or under it.

Nor can one hang around a track and come away with any reverence for the mere accumulation of money. The fact that fortunes can be made and lost by wholly fortuitous circumstances is all too evident. I came myself within half a length of winning one thousand dollars in a daily double on a two-dollar investment. If the rich prize had come to me I suppose that I would have strutted about talking of the virtues of thrift and the American way and how anybody can come from a log cabin and grow up to be President in the best of all possible social systems.

But fortunately I had bad luck, my horse got a terrible ride, a pool of water threw the steed off stride and I came away with nothing. It was a great lesson for me. It all goes to show that those who pontificate and squawk about the income tax are for the most part merely men who have had the extreme good fortune to hold the lucky tickets.

Indeed for the moment I would settle for a system based upon race-track principles: an even break at the barrier and take your chances after that. We do not start men in the race with the same scrupulous sense of justice. In the competition of commerce there are those who carry weight for age to an extent which anchors them. And when the barrier goes up some are left facing in the wrong direction while others are not yet out of the paddock.

And so on the whole in spite of remorse and contrition

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live in a cockeyed civilization. Now I know it. And after two weeks among the horses I feel that maybe I can now bring to my daily and weekly stint a fresh point of view in regard to Adolf Hitler and all his works and collaborators. Excuse it, please. HEYWOOD BROUN

Washington Notes

When Hitler Strikes

BEHIND the administration's apparent disinterest in changing the neutrality act lies a set of solemn considerations. State Department approval has been given to Senator Pittman's amendments to permit, among other things, the export of military weapons on the same cash-and-carry terms that now govern non-warlike commodities. Even better, from the Department's point of view, would be the adoption of bills introduced by Senators Lewis of Illinois and Thomas of Utah for the neutrality act's outright repeal. Nevertheless, no discernible administration pressure has been brought on Congress.

The fact seems to be that many administration advisers have reached the conviction that, from the day Hitler flings his Nazi armies westward against England and France, this country will be morally engaged on the latter's side. We ourselves shall be at war with Germany, they think, within six months, perhaps much sooner. A majority of the Senate and House, they believe, will voluntarily throw out the neutrality act. Why, then, bother to tinker with it now?

Administration advisers have tried to visualize what the next war will be like. They believe it will come without warning. There will be no declaration of war. At night, out of Central Europe will come the Nazi air armadas, with a striking power that can only be dimly guessed at. The fact must be faced that permanent American residents, together with thousands of American travelers, may be trapped within England and France. There will be almost none in Germany. The Americans in England and France will form as large a population as that in some of our Western states. Among them will be famous men and women. It may be weeks before they can be evacuated. How can evacuation be accomplished? Are American warships to be sent into active war zones?

It will be an immensely grave problem. Relying on World War experience, the authors of the present neutrality act forbade Americans to travel into war zones after fighting was under way. This was to prevent another "Lusitania" disaster. They did not realize that the bombing airplane had brought into being so-called "instantaneous" war, and had wiped out the distinction between soldier and noncombatant. A disaster involving Americans ten times worse than the "Lusitania" might occur within minutes after fighting starts. At the very least, our newspapers will be filled with stories of rescues and attempted rescues of Americans; of bombings, conflagrations, gas attacks. And if, by horrible mischance, a Nazi bomb strikes a train or ship filled with departing American children, a propaganda weapon of incalculable f[illegible]

Administration advisers point out that, unlike 1914, there will be no pro-German group of consequence in this country to counter Allied propaganda. The Irish bloc of 1914, with its vast political influence, has dwindled to almost nothing. A majority of citizens of German descent are anti-Nazi. There is nothing in this country that corresponds to England's now-dissolved Cliveden set. Many leaders of opinion, especially in the Middle West, would fight to have us maintain our neutrality. But the Allied propagandists would have no direct rivals.

The White House advisers feel the same horror of war that all decent persons do. A majority of them, however, profess to believe that our vital national interests are threatened by an expanding Germany, and that we cannot permit a German victory in Europe. They look on the probability that we shall be dragged into the next European conflict with grim acquiescence. Their aim now is to forestall an appearance of dissension in Congress that could alarm England and France, and give encouragement to Germany. They know that an attempt now to repeal the neutrality act would split the Senate. This is why Senator Pittman's proposed measure is as timid as it is, and why the administration disclaims responsibility for it. The administration thinks it can well afford to wait.

The administration's "appeasement" of business, first begun by Secretary Hopkins in his Des Moines speech a month and a half ago, has gone phut. Government officials, newspaper correspondents, business lobbyists, agree it is dead. They agree, too, that its failure is a personal defeat for Undersecretary of the Treasury Hanes, and to a lesser extent for his boss, Secretary Morgenthau. The latter, however, is so close and devoted a friend to Mr. Roosevelt that probably nothing can damage his New Deal standing. By virtue of crouching silent and motionless, Mr. Hopkins has escaped unscathed. In contrast, the prestige of the non-appeasers—the spending group under Mr. Eccles and the monopoly investigators—has been strengthened.

The chief change, however, has been in the Washington atmosphere, not in the administration's program. The supposed death-stroke to appeasement came at a press conference a few days ago, where Mr. Roosevelt opposed tax concessions to business. Nevertheless, it seems reasonably certain that tax revisions already formulated by Mr. Hanes and the Treasury's experts will be passed by Congress with White House support. It is worth noting that, in his subsequent announcement about the social-security tax, Mr. Morgenthau has asked for a rate that would "have the least possible deterring effect on business." This statement had evident White House approval.

Other tax revisions drafted by Treasury experts are also designed to meet the wishes of business men. It is understood that one will permit corporations to offset taxable profits in good years with the losses in previous hard times. This is specifically designed to encourage the investment of "venture" capital, since the losses incurred in the early development of a new business can be used to reduce taxation when it starts to make money. Another change may be the partial, or even complete, exemption of stock dividends from the normal income tax. Here the object is to induce in

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contend that, since corporations pay a relatively high tax on profits, a further tax on dividends constitutes double taxation for the stockholder. The change will benefit only the alleged "little fellow." Wealthy individuals must continue to pay the existing surtaxes on their income, whether or not it is derived from dividends.

According to report, the Post Office Department is doing away with its offices on German ships. The change is minimized by officials. It is explained that modern canceling machines have removed the advantages of having mail sorted during transatlantic crossings. Traveling post offices have been removed from the ships of nations other than Germany. Nevertheless, it is understood that the Department's action was prompted by the suspicion that American mail on German ships was opened and read by German agents.

Washington T. R. B.

Other People's Money

The Milk Monopoly

DURING the last six or seven years various American industrial engineers have been asking themselves whether or not bigness had in it the magnificent efficiency value which we worshiped back in the twenties. I remember a campaign or two which was put on, I strongly suspect, by the utility interests, to sell to the American people the principle of mass production. By 1929 we had come to accept that idea. Nothing could be plainer than that the machine, backed by scientific organization, can produce in quantity and cheaper than the simple handcraftsman or even the small manufacturer. And because this was obvious, we fell into the easy assumption that if a big plant was better than a little one, a very big plant was better than a big one and finally, a vast, colossal enterprise was necessarily better even than a very big plant.

As a result of this conclusion—or maybe it was only an illusion—promoters had no difficulty in fastening their fingers even upon those industries which for years had been looked upon as the peculiar favorites of the little man. Thus the little farm became a source of intense annoyance to Mr. Henry Ford. Mr. Ford told us that the farmer was an indefensible laggard, that he could do all his farm work in twenty-five days and that the little farm was an anachronism. Indeed he soured not only on the farmer, but on the cow, and told us that the day of that faithful beast was over and that presently we would have a tin cow, probably whole rows of tin cows—in a big factory, ceaselessly and inexpensively squirting milk into a great assembly conveyor, I dare say, at a trivial cost to the producer.

Numbers of immense corporate farms were organized in which machines substituted for horses and cows and men. And in 1929 we were told that we stood on the brink of a new agricultural era when the old-fashioned farm would give way to the mass-production industrial vegetable-and-

productionists got through with this industry we were not told. All we know is that when the depression came, most of the corporation farms blew up and Mr. Ford's tin cow has apparently been liquidated for the time being.

Anyone interested in this subject might find some interesting reading in the testimony of Dr. Frederick Howe, Mr. Kemper Simpson and Mr. George A. Johnson of the Johnson Milk Company of Detroit before the Monopoly Investigating Committee in Washington.

Dr. Howe points in his testimony to the bottlenecks in industry. Farmers produce the milk. They used to distribute it. But pasteurization came along and was made compulsory. Farmers had their milk pasteurized and then distributed it. But the pasteurization plant was a bottleneck. Whoever could get possession of that could rule the milk industry. The corporation promoters did that. The plan became not merely a means of purifying milk but of seizing the function of distributing it. In a little while the farmer lost his distribution function and the corporation which had the pasteurization plant took it over. The next step, of course, was for two or three big corporations to grab almost all the pasteurization plants in the country. Then they became the only buyers of the farmer's milk. Then they paid him what they wished. Also they slowly got hold of the by-product business—butter, cheese, etc.

Now observe bigness at work. In Milwaukee in 1923 the farmer got 5½ cents for his milk. The local corporate distributor sold it for 10 cents. But very soon the farmer's share grew less, the distributor's share more, the public's price higher. In 1938 the farmer got 4½ cents. The distributor got 12 cents. There is the fine flower of efficiency. At the bottom of the depression the farmer got 2.8 cents. The distributor got 8.3 cents. Thus the consumer bought his milk for less, but the decline in price came entirely out of the farmer's share. The distributor lowered the price to the public, but he actually increased his share. He was getting 4½ cents as his share in 1925 during the boom and 5½ cents at the depth of the depression.

The farmer's share fell from 5.5 cents to 2.8 cents—a decline of 50 percent, but the distributor was getting 20 percent more.

But most illuminating was the testimony of Mr. George A. Johnson, a milk dealer of Detroit. He began a few years ago to sell milk from small stores instead of delivering it by wagon. He sells milk for 8 cents a quart. Just about the time his business was getting well under way the milk company raised the price of their milk from 12 to 13 cents a quart. There was a buyers' strike and this put Johnson on the map. He has forty stores. Now the milk companies are delivering milk at a price to compete with his.

The question arises: Why is milk delivered at the home? It is an article of food. There are hundreds of other articles of food all of which are sold in stores. Why must buyers of milk have to submit to having this one delivered? And if they wish to buy at a store, they must pay the delivery price. There is no more reason why milk should be delivered than there is for canned soup or bread or potatoes to be delivered by a special man at five in the morning. In fact there is every reason why milk should not be left on the doorstep for two, four, five hours. But the public has no choice, as it is by this

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Cruise Stopover

WE WERE OFF THE SHIP and walking around through the streets and bars in Cristobal, and we heard the music coming out from somewhere, good and loud. What with the sad ship's orchestra playing stock arrangements of "All Alone by the Telephone," the general apathy of a few West Indian and Colombian ports, the feeling of people too poor and too tired to sing, or else singing mechanically for the tourist trade, a good forthright blast of music was enough to set anybody skipping. The music where we heard it in Cristobal came from a phonograph, one of the big automatic jobs in the corner of a bar, and stocked with recent records.

There weren't any white people in the place, but there were a lot of people. The bar was long and narrow, about the size of an average bar-and-grill back home but seeming more roomy because it opened partly to the sidewalk on two sides. There were a few tables and two or three booths tucked away in the back. But it was mostly the bar, and that big phonograph.

Now it takes a good American nickel to play one record. And five cents is fairly important money among colored people down that way. And here were these people standing around at a bar in their simple pants and shirts and battered hats, crowding the machine so hard with their nickels that you had to stand in line to deposit your own.

For a while the men from Panama are just standing around putting in nickels for the newest hot recordings, drinking and listening. Then there gets out into a circle widening for him on the floor a boy who wishes to beat out figures for the music with his feet. Good competent clogging, not only on the edge of professional but rhythmic as well. When the machine plays something he likes to dance to, he kicks it out. The people in the bar don't clap or jitter around but they seem to expect this, and they like it. He stops after a while and comes over to the table wiping his face. Does he work anywhere? Well no, not steady. Ever think of New York with his dancing, does he? Well, think of it most every minute. Then someone plays a number he favors and first he is tapping away beside the table and then he is out on the floor again, and then back again talking. Wait, he says, until we see Smokey. Smokey will be around pretty soon and he will be bound to dance.

All this time of course people are hanging over the bar and putting their good money into the machine and kidding around and tapping their feet. And in a way it seems like home again, the best of home, with the jumping music and the unforced joy in it.

Then there is a lot of shoving and milling and pushing from the front end of the bar, cries of "Come on" and "It won't hurt you, will it," etc., and there appears, pushed out by the others, a shorty lad with a terrific rumpled felt hat and a barber-pole striped polo shirt and the rest mostly bones, protesting that he hasn't finished his drink but with his feet already flying.

Gladstone Callendar his name is, we learn later, but "Smokey" does for his friends, and no doubt does as well. He isn't on the floor two minutes before we [illegible] rhythmic pattern and along with it a drive of his own that runs along with the music and anticipates the restless urge of its lags, stresses and sharp syncopations.

Mr. Gladstone Callendar has two numbers on the machine that he wishes to dance to, and they both happen to be Lionel Hampton records—which is partly because the time is fast enough but mainly because this boy Lionel has the devil's own luck in gathering terrific rhythm sections for his recording dates, always with men like Stacy, Kirby, etc. Mr. Callendar fills the center of the floor with his feet, ankles, knees, arms and whole dancing body. Crowded as the place is, there is nothing in it after he starts dancing but the music thumping out and those flying shanks. It is what the people wish to see; it is partly what they're here for. Smokey is their boy and they will come over and tell you about him. He works regular in a café up the street, but he'll come in here when he's through work dancing, and dance for the crowd and for the hell of it.

Then pretty soon there is another milling around, and a rather formidable gentleman from the town's night life is reluctantly getting a brown yoke-back coat off over his short suspenders and high-topped pants. It seems that he and Smokey dance in a team at the town's hot spot. They make a terrific team, they are presently all over the floor and in perfect balance with each other; and the necessities of working out a dance in Panama has given them a sort of edge on other pairs of Lindy hoppers: for purposes of the occasion and because there wouldn't be a gal who could dance this pace within 4,000 miles. Smokey acts as the female partner, and as the routine progresses the boys work out quite a few interesting angles along this line. All very clean and friendly and spoofing, but quite a bit high. The formidable one is tall, tough and expressionless in the best apache manner; Smokey is all motion and bits of humor here and there, the candy-stripe shirt clinging to his lean ribs, the hat no obstacle except it keeps falling off. So long as anybody puts nickels in the machine those boys won't stop, and the longer they keep going, the more they do.

But you can see dancers anywhere, if not often so good. It is the audience, the general atmosphere of excitement and delight that set this place off from other places. There isn't any money in the crowd and still coins rattle down on the floor. They dance because they like it and come over flushed and sweating, and talk and drink a little, saying, If you got any money to throw, don't throw it on the floor, they never get it. And they dance anyway, sure, why not; why it's all they do, dance. Flushed and laughing and breathing hard for air because there is almost nothing in the world to beat a man like that kind of dancing. The machine starts up and the crowd coaxes, and back they are in the intricate whirl and jump of their motion, in the middle of their six-foot floor.

Dance? Why it's all they do. Work when they can get it and at what they can get, for there is not enough money in the town to support their talent and they're better than no one else in that semi-poor area when it comes to rent money. But dancing is their joy in life, and what they want to do. Gladstone Callendar, S. Gomes and C. Prescott, kicking their feet at the stars over music that was put up

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kind still lives there, with some of its natural joy and honesty about it.

There is an end to it finally and we go out in the street where everything is closed up, black. The air over the town is warm and sweet. Looking back from the waterfront at the few lampposts twinkling in their circle around the bay, there is nothing but that benign and deceptive slow quiet of the tropics, nothing to show where the shacks of the Messrs. Callendar, Gomes and Prescott may be, or where the people have gone who just naturally come out from their houses every night to hear the music play, and see the boys dancing.

OTIS FERGUSON

The Bandwagon

Pledges that Chancellor Adolf Hitler does not intend to strike at Rumanians through Hungary lead them to think that that may be what he intends to do. – *Eugen Kovacs' dispatch from Rumania printed in The New York Times.*

The much talked about one-third of the nation, which is ill fed, ill housed and ill clothed, is nothing but a political statistic which has no significance whatever unless it is tested by an application of a known and reasonable standard of measurement. – *From a letter signed by Carl E. McCombs, M.D., in The New York Herald Tribune.*

"I'd vote against the ten commandments," retorted Representative Clare E. Hoffman [R., Mich.], "if they were to be interpreted by the National Labor Relations Board and enforced by Mr. Roosevelt!" – *From a Washington dispatch in The Chicago Daily Tribune.*

Due to death the controlling interest in a memorial park or entire stock issue is available; consists of 100 acres; within ten minutes of the fastest growing city in U.S.A.; has a million people within a radius of ten miles; 12 funerals in January and growing daily. – *An advertisement in The New York Times.*

The Short Happy Life of a Radium Miner

Those who work at radium mining usually die of cancer of the lungs brought about by exposure to its rays. To compensate them, they receive 10 percent more wages than coal miners. – *From a news item in The Bronx Home News, New York City.*

Darned Smart, Those Mayans

New Mayan findings indicate this little statuette is oldest known dated Mayan object. It bears the date, May 16, 98 B. C. – *Caption under a picture in Science News Letter.*

They're Bad Insurance Risks

Hitler said the Nazis had been unable to convert everybody in Germany, adding that "a few opponents still remain, but they are dying out." – *From a Munich dispatch in The Kansas City Times.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column and

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Correspondence

Can We Reach the German People?

SIR: I have followed The New Republic's comments on foreign affairs with much interest. What I miss in your journal and in the speeches of liberal statesmen and the resolutions of farm and labor groups is an appeal urging the German people to take care of their own oppressors, and an attempt to build up their confidence to follow such a course. I think we need a message—such as that addressed by Woodrow Wilson during the World War—emphasizing that our quarrel is not with the German people, that everybody must succumb to misery and chaos unless the militarists and imperialists everywhere are subordinated.

It will be argued probably that this message will not be heard in Germany, but it was heard during the War when a high-powered censorship prevailed. Underground organizations disseminate these sentiments in even dictator countries. Of course, German hopes were disappointed the last time this massage was broadcast, consequently all possible assurances of sincerity should be offered. A program of this kind would have some hope in it for our own liberal groups. Those who see clearly cannot get enthusiastic over administering to Hitler the same remedy as was given Kaiser Wilhelm and with similar prospective results. We need a revival of internationalism on the order of that promoted by the Socialists before the War.

HAROLD M. GROVES

The University of Wisconsin, Madison, Wis.

Shedding Economic Light

SIR: It is hard to believe that a sudden burst of light can permanently clear a fog, and all my life I have wondered what, nationally, was meant by the terms, "money," "wealth," "credit," "debt," and remained befogged. I thought the economic pundits knew, but they couldn't tell me, so I thought I was dumb.

The brilliant answer is that of Paul M. Sweezy, in his article, "The Power of the Purse," in your issue of February 8. I honestly think I am answered for good. Those things I have always thought of as static, like the grocer's bill every week, and the salary, are really living, a continuum, a national race between plus and minus, in which you wouldn't have any plus unless it was paced by minus. Thanks.

New York City ORRICK JOHNS

The Yankee Tradition

SIR: Would it be presumptuous for a practising Yankee farmer to speak out against the authority and erudition of Van Wyck Brooks? I think the time has come for someone to give Mr. Brooks his come-uppance and I only regret that I have neither the time, ability nor knowledge to do so.

In his paper on the League of American Writers [The New Republic, February 22], Brooks has an admirable idea but he beclouds the issue with his loose talk of freedom and liberty, collectivism and the founding fathers. Fine words, but what do they mean? It is silly to say that Americans are naturally free. It was just as silly for Rousseau to say that men are born free. Perhaps they are born for freedom, but that is a different matter. And so Yankees took up the French thought and fired [illegible] round the world? How many of those poor

mad because soldiers lodged in their houses or trod down their grain; probably most of them were there because they thought it the right thing to do. Undoubtedly all of them were scared blue.

And collectivism is inherent in the Yankee tradition? How can Mr. Brooks say that Adams would have meant what Mr. Brooks says he meant? And Andrew Jackson? I have ancestors buried up in these hills that would turn over in their graves at the mention of Jackson in the same paragraph with the word Yankee. Doesn't Mr. Brooks recall that they had to roll the whiskey barrels from the White House at Jackson's inauguration to keep the frontier rabble from tearing the place apart? And if collectivism is in line with the Yankee tradition, why do coöperatives thrive in the Middle West while the milk companies milk the Yankees here in New Hampshire?

I would as soon eat my grandmother on toast—she was, by the way, a Copperhead and a Yankee from way back—as sit down and hear Brooks sound off on Yankee tradition.

Laconia, N. H. DANIEL DOAN

An Appeal for Five Spanish Poets

SIR: Five young poets escaped from Spain with Antonio Machado. The older poet, Spain's greatest, died—as the readers of The New Republic know—from the exposure of those cruel nights. His five physically stronger comrades have thus far survived even the concentration camps at St. Cyprien and Port Vendres, with which the government of France expresses its appreciation of men and women who prefer exile to slavery. These five, among them writers of already high achievement like Arturo Serrano Plaja and Rafael Dieste, carried for two years the burden of Hora de Espana, that remarkable monthly magazine edited by poets who were also soldiers. Friends have arranged for their reception and care in Mexico, which—unlike the "great democracies," including Russia—has opened her doors to the refugees from Spain. But we must get them there—and out of France, at once.

I know that the readers of The New Republic have already responded generously to petitions of this kind. But if there are any to whom it appeals to help a group of poets who symbolize the spiritual victory of their country, will they send contributions for the specific purpose of getting these five men from France to Mexico? Checks or money orders should be directed at once, either to me at 132 West Seventieth Street, or to the League of American Writers, 381 Fourth Avenue, both in New York City.

New York City WALDO FRANK

Taking Mr. Rodell to Task

SIR: Well, now honestly, Sirs, Professor Rodell is no doubt a swell guy and he can probably write like anything, but isn't there something else you could have filled that space with ["America We Love You—in Small Doses," February 15]?

I think we can imagine Mr. Hemingway got his Zeiss glasses in Jena (Switzerland to you globe-trotters) and he possibly even got them before 1933 or from some worthy and destitute refugee. At least in view of the Fascist shellfire he has stood under in Spain and the way he has come up from way in back, we can, can't we? And Mr. MacLeish sure does do some nifty radio-dramaturgy for an old escapist, durned if he don't.

What does Rodell think they ought to write about for Vogue—clarion calls to the Revolution? Scornful inventories of the changes we must make before this country is really and truly lovable? Idyllic rhapsodies on the proud, solid spirit of the oppressed but noble American underdog? Hell, if you gentlemen will pardon the expression, Hell. . . .

From The New Republic Mail Bag

Arthur Towne of the Onondaga Health Association, Syracuse, New York, sends an answer to The New Republic's question, "Why doesn't the Red Cross get busy with the dollars we contribute each Christmas" and help the Spanish refugees? (page 179, March 22). "Christmas-seal money," Mr. Towne explains, "is used exclusively in fighting tuberculosis in this country." . . . The American League to Combat Anti-Semitism, 270 Broadway, New York City, is trying to get 500,000 signatures to a letter of protest to the proprietors of Madison Square Garden for hiring their hall to the Bund.

Pierre F. Houpert of Clinton, Connecticut, wants to make something out of the fact that Montagu Norman of Threadneedle Street has become Hermann Goering's child's godfather. . . . On Thursday, April 6, at 8:30 P.M., the League of American Writers is sponsoring a Poets' Symposium (with W. H. Auden, Christopher Isherwood and Louis MacNeice participating) at the Keynote Club, 201 West Fifty-second Street. . . . George Backer appeals for contributions to a fund for "The Defense of Democracy and the Promotion of Racial Tolerance"—a memorial to B. Charney Vladeck. The address is 3 West Sixteenth Street, New York City.

Harvey Dawson of Washington, D. C., has appointed himself Mr. Chamberlain's smelling-salts provider. "Undoubtedly Mr. C. will be 'shocked' when German soldiers enter Poland (he writes on March 17) . . . he will be 'shocked beyond words at the incredible news' when Nazi troops occupy Switzerland. Therefore, I have purchased a large supply of smelling salts and am mailing them in small doses."

Eric C. Muggeridge, executive secretary of the Foster Parents' Plan for Children in Spain, 55 West Forty-second Street, New York City, appeals for funds. Thirty cents a day supports a homeless refugee child.

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German Literature in England

I AM ASKED: "How do you explain the popularity of German literature among the young English writers of today? What is the reason for this wave of interest? Is it simply because several English writers spent a great deal of time in post-war Germany? Is it because the mood of Germany before Hitler resembled the mood of England today? Or is it a manifestation of anti-Hitler feeling? Does German literature now seem *good* to us because it is separated from, and cast out by the *bad* rulers of the country?" I will do my best to answer these questions.

The interest in German literature, among the English writers and public, can be dated back a long way before Hitler. It began a few years after the World War. It was natural for us, the members of the immediate post-war generation, to be the first to react from the blind chauvinism of the war years. Indeed, that reaction was an essential part of the great youth-revolt of the twenties, whose slogan was: "What the Old Man says is always wrong." The "Old Man" (our parents, our elders, our schoolmasters) had said that the Germans were ravening beasts, without culture and without art. Very well—that proved that the Germans were the most cultured and artistic nation in Europe. We should have felt the same way, under different circumstances, about the Letts, the Basques or the Albanians.

So much for the purely negative side of the question. But a revival of interest in German literature was, in any case, long overdue. Under Victoria, educated Englishmen had read the German authors widely. Owing largely to the influence of the Prince Regent, our domestic arts had become extensively Teutonized. Edward the Seventh (another, somewhat elderly, youth-rebel) helped to swing public taste in the opposite direction, towards France. Already, before the outbreak of war, the German arts in England had sunk into comparative neglect.

During the early twenties, the younger English writers and the British public at large were becoming increasingly pro-German. A better understanding of the peace treaties had made most people feel that Germany had been unfairly and even treacherously treated. The situation in the Ruhr had awakened much sympathy for the new and struggling Republic, which had innocently inherited so many debts and punishments. People talked of the contrast between the "benevolent" occupation of Wiesbaden by British troops and the much advertised cruelties in the area policed by the French. We read of the youth movements, the *Wandervögel*. The Punch-cartoon nightmare of the Blood-Drinking Hun faded from our minds. The New Germany was represented by a charming blond girl or boy, who strode, with open-necked shirt, harmlessly singing through the Black Forest.

Youth always demands its nightmares (perhaps, in our case, they were the horrible dreams of the war we had so narrowly avoided): Germany supplied them. Amateurs of the macabre, we reveled in the early Ufa films: "Dr. Caligari," "Waxworks," "Warning Shadows." Freud was all the rage. It was the Germans who dared to make "Secrets of the Soul." Even Wedekind, whose name has remained

Of course, I was speaking, just now, of the intelligentsia only. The German horror-cult never thrilled a large public in Great Britain. Many of the films it produced got no further than the comparatively large but exclusive London Film Society. The drawings of Georg Grosz were admired only by the few. The plays of Toller, Kaiser and Lampel were too daring, either politically or sexually, to pass the censor: they were only performed to the audiences of dramatic clubs. Nevertheless, their indirect influence was lasting and profound.

Then, with the passing of the years, came the inevitable demand for war fiction. Here, the Germans were at the top of the market. Renn's "War" and Remarque's "All Quiet on the Western Front" headed the best sellers. Their only serious British competitor was "Journey's End." And, when the War ceased to amuse, and the vogue for historical novels began, Germany was ready, with Feuchtwanger. "Jew Suss," in its day, was incomparably more vigorous, more vulgar, more colorful and more disgusting than anything we timid British could hope to produce. German authors, it may be added, are well to the fore also in the current fashion for historical biography, and for the journalistic scare-book, which predicts the end of Europe exactly a month after publication date.

German writing in general, irrespective of its quality, has, in fact, played a big part in English post-war culture. But it is interesting also to ask which of the more distinguished individual German authors have succeeded in getting a hearing, and why. I am not thinking, now, of single books, ephemeral best-sellers, flukes. I am not thinking, only, of modern literature.

If you asked the average educated young man what German authors he most admired, he would probably say Hölderlin, Kafka, Rilke, Thomas Mann. Some might mention Heinrich Mann, the Zweigs, and, if politically minded, Toller and Brecht. Those who could actually read German would certainly head their list with Goethe—but "Faust" and the lyrics have never been satisfactorily translated into English. And it is not Goethe, but the "Goethe tradition" which really survives for us today, in the writing of Thomas Mann. Mann's own reputation has suffered much injustice in England—partly because the beauty and subtlety of his language can hardly be rendered into English prose; partly because, after the appearance of "Buddenbrooks," he was, for a long time, most unfairly labeled "The German Galsworthy." It is only lately that the publication of his essays and speeches has convinced English readers of his true stature and greatness.

Hölderlin, if he were alive, should certainly be grateful to Stephen Spender. Not that he has translated, so far, any great amount of Hölderlin's poetry; but he has preached Hölderlin far and wide, and infected all his fellow authors, including W. H. Auden, with his own enthusiasm. I think that Spender, more than any other young English writer, got real *literary* education during the years he spent in post-war, pre-Hitler Germany. Himself partly German, he was happy in having the friendship of Professor Curtius of Bonn University, one of Germany's greatest critics. The influence of Hölderlin upon Spender's own poetry is apparent. He once remarked to me: "You know, I am really

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been working on Rilke, on Toller, on Büchner and on the lyrics of the modern Spanish poets. Rilke, of course, has had other translators in England, notably Edward Sackville-West and the brilliant scholar J. B. Leishman. I think it would be true to say that, while Hölderlin has influenced British writers chiefly through his technical form, Rilke has influenced them through his content. Rilke's position, as the individualist, the perfectionist, the creator of a private world, must be treated with especial respect at this time, when the general trend of events is all the other way, towards group-consciousness. And, as the issues become daily more confused, as loyalties twist into paradoxes, and strange and unwelcome allies invade the political camps, Rilke and what he represents must seem, to many people, the only valid assertion, the last thing still fit to fight for.

Kafka, that mirror of our age and all its terrors, has been lucky in his translators, Willa and Edwin Muir. He is widely known in literary circles, and greatly admired, but not often successfully imitated. You can trace his influence in the works of Auden, and in the two novels of Rex Warner. Another young writer obviously inspired by the *mood* of Kafka (whom, incidentally, he had never read) is Edward Upward. His "Journey to the Border" seems to me, despite its unsatisfactory ending, to be the most remarkable thing of its kind written in English since the War.

When Auden and I wrote our first play, "The Dog Beneath the Skin," we were much influenced by the "Dreigroschenoper" and "Stadt Mahagonny" of Brecht. Clumsy and amateur as this dramatic essay undoubtedly was, I think that it helped to direct the interest of other dramatists towards a more expressionistic and lyrical form of stage-writing. If the poetic drama has a rebirth in England—and some people think it may—the movement will be largely German in inspiration and origin.

German Republican literature is the literature of a people in defeat. It might be argued that as, since Ethiopia, Spain and Munich, we too have lost an unfought war, we should be particularly ready to listen to what the German writers have to tell us. Personally, I am inclined to regard the whole question from a more positive angle. Rightly or wrongly, we still think of ourselves as a comparatively free, comparatively civilized democracy; and these German artists, thinkers and writers, now in exile or Nazi disfavor, appear to us as another such democracy. They are on our side. They are our allies. Dead or alive, they fight with us, against the forces which strangled Art in their country and threaten now to strangle it in our own. And so we love them, and wish to understand them—for they have much to teach us all.

CHRISTOPHER ISHERWOOD

Books in Review

Social Nomadland

IF MR. NOMAD were not a born "champion of permanent protest," his new book "Apostles of Revolution"[1] might be described as the record of a profound disillusionment with modern social movements. For the author of "Rebels and Renegades," though a radical still, contends that "all revolutionary mass movements . . . invariably fall short in achieving their originally professed aims." They do so for two reasons. First, there is an "inherent contradiction between the interests of the leading group which is striving for power and those of the uneducated rank and file yearning for a better share of the good things of life." Then, "the inexorable logic of every revolutionary struggle" leads "necessarily" to "the establishment of a new aristocracy, regardless of the democratic, socialist, communist or anarchist ideas professed by its champions."

For this sweeping thesis the author is particularly indebted to the Polish "equalitarian" Waclaw Machajski, but the encyclopedic information with which he elaborates it is entirely his own. With the zest of a detective on the track of his prey, he analyzes the theories and actions of seven more or less representative revolutionists: Auguste Blanqui, Karl Marx, Michael Bakunin, Sergei Nechayev, Johann Most, Nestor Makhno and Joseph Stalin. Mr. Nomad concludes that, with the possible exception of Makhno, the guerilla chieftain in the Russian civil war, all these leaders sought, whether consciously or unconsciously, to establish the rule of a new educated or semi-educated *élite*. Blanqui worked for a dictatorship over, rather than of, the proletariat and had but the haziest interest in a socialist economy. Marx, for all his brilliant theorizing on the abolition of classes, "sowed the dragon's teeth" from which must spring a new master class of dissatisfied bourgeois intellectuals, technicians and educated former workers. The Bolsheviks are Blanquists masquerading as Marxists. If Russia today is "a vast prison and concentration camp," it is but the logical outcome of Bolshevism.

Nor does anarchism fare better at Mr. Nomad's hands. Bakunin and Most were not anarchists at all: they were little concerned over the welfare of the workers and, despite their preaching of anti-authoritarianism, had a centralized dictatorship up their sleeve. Makhno's anarchism was more authentic, for he believed in an extremely decentralized political democracy. Of course, "to what extent such an ideal might be realized under the present highly complicated social conditions," is another question. Besides, anarchism in action fatally turns into its authoritarian contrary. There is left only the high-minded, selfless anarchism of a Kropotkin, but his faith—alas—was "blinded by its own nobility," "unearthly," ineffective.

In short, there is left nothing. The social problem has no "final solution." Humanity appears to have no choice "but to be ruled either by the politicians of a spurious democracy dealing in demagogic catchwords, or by irresponsible despots dealing in a new *mystique* of one kind or another." The fight for justice to the underdog must go on forever

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educated and uneducated alike, with consequent equality in further educational opportunities.

Mr. Nomad's approach is a mixture of sophistication and simplicity, worldly wisdom and idealism. His iconoclasm clears away much wishful thinking and rationalization. His mistrust of the altruism of leadership is scarcely without historical foundation. It is well to be reminded that the proclamation of socialism is not tantamount to the establishment of heaven upon earth. But the total picture that Mr. Nomad gives is distinctly one-sided. In the first place, he tends to judge social movements far too much by the idiosyncracies of their leaders, and those leaders too much by their reactions to the temptations of political power. Modern socialism is, after all, bigger than Karl Marx, and Bakunin is more significant than his organizational office intrigues. Mr. Nomad draws an all-too-sharp distinction between the "knows" and the "know-nots," especially since he frequently reduces education to barely more than literacy. He has great sympathy—or rather pity—for the masses, but trust them much less than the intellectuals. His politics is sheer paralysis. He believes in collectivism, freedom and progress—even like the rest of us—but how does he mean to attain or preserve them if not through the instrumentalities —yes, and the cliques—of democracy or socialism or anarchism or some other system still to be born?

In the final analysis, the author oscillates between warm faith and flat despair. The idealist in him must go on hoping that the masses will be more wary of their emancipators, and the emancipators more high-minded, while the skeptic in him must ever delight in pointing out how utopian that hope is. Somebody who is acquainted with both men should introduce them to each other. SOLOMON F. BLOOM

The Two Scotts

Sir Walter Scott, Bart., by Sir Herbert J. C. Grierson. New York: The Columbia University Press. 332 pages. $4.50.

THE WORDS ON THE JACKET of Professor Grierson's new life of Sir Walter Scott, "supplementary to and corrective of Lockhart's Biography," are strictly accurate. It is not an effort to dramatize, "in the modern manner," the story of Scott's triumphs and catastrophe: "I do not feel myself sufficiently superior to Scott," its author writes slyly, "to wish to take him down a peg, or to treat him with elegant banter." Nor is it an effort to rival or undermine by any drastic revaluations Lockhart's vital portrait. No complete biography in itself, it everywhere assumes the reader's thorough knowledge of its tremendous predecessor, and then out of Sir Herbert's exhaustive familiarity with the Scott records corrects "errors of fact and date" in Lockhart and goes on to "suggest some aspects of Scott's life and character which too careful manipulation and idealization have obscured." This biography is thus the organized presentation of what is in essence an enormous mass of notes serving to clarify our understanding and modify certain of our judgments. As such, it must be resorted to by every serious student of Scott and by every future biographer.

Lockhart exhibits two kinds of factual errors. The first, The family background of Lady Scott, of which Lockhart seems to have known more than did Scott himself, he veiled in glamorous allusions to the French Revolution and aristocratic *emigrés*. He blurred the irritabilities of Scott's temper, and the way they sometimes fell upon an innocent victim. And the pathetic story of the mists clearing from the brain of the dying man, and the parting words, "My dear, be a good man—be virtuous—be religious—be a good man," seems to be mere pious myth, for Scott was entirely unconscious for days before he died.

But Lockhart is more seriously in error in the details surrounding the crash of 1825, partly because he disliked the Ballantynes and was ready to listen to Constable's partner, Cadell, and largely because he had no access to the Constable-Cadell correspondence. Professor Grierson has gone painstakingly through this mass of material and, so far as its complexities can be ordered by anyone short of an expert accountant, has definitely established the facts. The disaster was caused neither by Scott's extravagance nor by the laxity and slipperiness of the Ballantynes as business men, though both these were contributory. It was the inevitable outcome of the post-war inflation of the period, and of the fact that Constable never had enough liquid capital for his huge operations: when a tightening of credit drove a wedge between Constable's due bills and his receipts, the whole flimsy structure collapsed. From 1814 on, Constable's credit was more sustained by Scott and the Ballantyne firm than theirs by him. Of this dependence Scott had no conception, for at the urging of Cadell it was carefully concealed from him so that anxiety should not dry up the profitable stream of fiction that flowed from him. Of the staggering debt Scott assumed, at least £40,000 was not his own but that of Constable and Cadell. And when pompous, mock-majestic James Ballantyne was dead, and Constable slunk in disgrace and misery to his grave, and Scott had coined his lifeblood into cash, it was Cadell who remained with the profits; he had indeed, as he said himself, "cuckooed all these men out of their nests," and fattened on what for them was fairy gold.

Professor Grierson's discoveries and his illuminating comment upon them enable us to deal more justly with those judgments of Scott that have seen him in a false light: the accusations of snobbery and of a dishonorable secrecy about his business connections, Macaulay's "profuse and ostentatious in expense; agitated by the hopes and fears of a gambler." In the tang and excitement of hidden business and the dream of being laird of Abbotsford there is the same romanticism that in the novels was recreating the feudal past, hot with the siege of Torquilstone and breathless with Jacobite conspiracies. It is indicative of what Professor Grierson calls the dualism in Scott's nature, the contradiction between romantic sympathies and sober judgment—between the financial folly of his dealings and the good sense that pervades his writing, between the costume-ball aristocracy of his sympathies and his genuine liking and understanding for the common man.

Indeed this dualism goes further even than Professor Grierson suggests. Scott's imagination lay in the magic-lantern-colored past of a paternal feudalism and he denounced the bloated opulence based on the misery of Manchester

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whose bitter fruits he saw with indignation. More than other poets more single-spirited, like Shelley or Blake, Scott's career and character reflect the very spirit of the age and its underlying contradictions. Of that deepest dualism of all, Abbotsford, with its battlements new-built by bills of credit and suits of armor glittering under the jets of a newly invented gas-lighting system—and its master killed by the effort to keep it going—is the pregnant symbol.

EDGAR JOHNSON

The Refugee

Refugees: Preliminary Report of a Survey, by Sir John Hope Simpson. New York: The Oxford University Press. 251 pages. $1.25.
The Refugee in the United States, by Harold Fields. New York: The Oxford University Press. 229 pages. $2.50.

THE TOTAL of political refugees since the World War does not exceed 580,000 (300,000 Russians, 150,000 Germans, 120,000 Armenians, 10,000 Italians). As compared with other large masses of human beings that have been effectively handled in emergency situations (such as prisoners during the World War) the figure is not impressive. Yet this inconsiderable number of human beings the European powers have not been able to manage in the course of eighteen years. Why not? The answer given by Sir John Hope Simpson in his "Preliminary Report," composed for the Evian conference, is as unvarnished as depressing. For fear of offending the feelings of those who expelled the refugees, the activity of the League of Nations became a kind of self-sabotage. It consisted solely of providing a framework within which private agencies (the Near East Relief, the American Red Cross, the American Joint Distribution Committee) were permitted to supply real assistance. Private institutions had to repair what governments had destroyed. Except in the cases of the Armenians and the Assyrians, League funds were used merely for administrative purposes, never for relief or for settlement. The League would not allow the High Commissioner to have his offices in Geneva. The first High Commissioner, Mr. MacDonald, resigned in 1935, publicly refusing to go on organizing only a framework for curing symptoms instead of fighting the causes of emigration.

Sir John Simpson represents a unique combination of statistical and historical knowledge and insight into the situation of the refugee with passion for the right cause. Denuding the "right of asylum" of all its rhetorical ornaments he shows that this alleged right is but a euphemistic phrase for the "wrong of exclusion." He further shows that "hospitality" is usually based upon a country's need for workers. Without fear he tells about the administrative chicanery of governments. Those who have not experienced similar things may think themselves transported into the half-world of Kafka's novels when they read of scores of refugees who, because of lack of identification papers, were shipped from a country F to a frontier B; were refused by the country B and had to return to the country F, where they were imprisoned for illegal "residence"; then after their term were shipped again to the same frontier, where they were again rejected, and had to return to th

light upon the little oasis of Popular Front policy in France which declared unequivocally that to extend the right of asylum without also extending the right to work was unmoral. This frankness is all the more surprising and satisfying as the book has been issued "under the Auspices of the Royal Institute of Internal Affairs." An appendix containing the convention texts dating from 1933 to 1938 closes this excellent survey.

The book by Harold Fields (executive director of the National League for American Citizenship) on special refugee conditions in the United States, has been written in close collaboration with representatives of the immigration offices and the migration experts. Since in America, as in other countries, the employment problem may engender certain hostilities against refugees, it is valuable to have scientific proof for the following four points:

1. The percentage of alien-born persons who have become public charges is smaller than of the American-born.
2. Refugees usually take better care of each other than the non-political immigrants who come from the same country.
3. All loans made to refugees have been returned.
4. The American Jews have assisted not only Jews but also Gentile refugees.

Americans do not need to be told about the generous facilities for refugee assimilation here, such as permission to work, free instruction in English, complete lack of police red tape. Here the refugee can only express his gratitude.

GUENTHER S. ANDERS

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Recent Fiction

The Young Cosima, by Henry Handel Richardson. New York: W. W. Norton and Company. $2.50.

SOME YEARS AGO the lady who calls herself Henry Handel Richardson (her name, we hear, is Henrietta Richardson Robinson) wrote one of the best of musical novels in "Maurice Guest." Now she brings her understanding of music and of the temperament of the musician to the interpretation of a human situation, great by virtue of the personalities concerned and the issues involved. The love of Richard Wagner for Cosima, daughter of his friend and ally, Liszt, and wife of the disciple, admirer and persistent apostle of both, Hans von Bülow, is one of the two greatest modern love stories of Germany. The other is the love of Ferdinand Lassalle for Helena von Donniges. In the first, every obstacle interposed by official circumstance or personal loyalty went down before the power of the master, and the result was a great career triumphantly completed with "Siegfried" and "Parsifal." In the second, petty scruples and pride of race and family sent the creator of the German labor movement to death by duel, and left to Karl Marx the futile leadership of the workers. George Meredith took the Lassalle episode as the structure to be hung about with psychological implications in "The Tragic Comedians." Henry Handel Richardson, whose fiction is more like Meredith's than is that of any other writer today, has written the story of Richard and Cosima.

Both stories have given rise to an enormous literature of correspondence, reminiscence and interpretation. Miss Richardson lists nearly thirty volumes of sources. She has made excellent use of them to nourish her story into fully developed verisimilitude. The letters of Wagner show how fully she has caught the accent and manner of the master. Hans von Bülow, in his trembling indecision and sporadic violence, is the perfect foil. But Cosima's is the directing hand in the drama of which Wagner became the motive force. It is she who takes von Bülow in marriage in spite of her father's doubts, his mother's pride, his own fearful hesitancy, the difference in religion and her illegitimate birth. It is she who, finding no outlet for her energy in von Bülow's career, gives herself to Wagner's service and finally throws herself into his arms; and then, after a struggle with her affection for Hans, her loyalty to his name, her love for her children, goes finally to satisfy the greater need of her which she has herself created.

It is not difficult to see in the young Cosima the outline of the matriarch of Bayreuth. The demand of a career for herself and a sphere of action worthy of her genius, an ambition of which she was perhaps unconscious, led her on. The tall thin girl with the flaxen crown, long neck and supple, almost jointless fingers, was born with a nostalgia for greatness which had to be realized through her men. If Mathilde Wesendonk was Wagner's Isolde, Cosima was his Brünhilde, to whom passed the inheritance of his opera, his theatre, his fame, but not his name. In spite of legal sanction it is never Frau Wagner—only Cosima.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT

No Victory for the Soldier, by James Hill. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

ONCE IN A WHILE a novel about a genius is published which doesn't leave the reader skeptical and irritated. In "No Victory for the Soldier," James Hill gives us a protagonist whose tragedy is inevitable from his early childhood, and in whom the anguish and ecstasy of creating are authentic. At the age of seven John Sebastian Knox is a precocious pianist, tortured by his love for his mother and by a whining, egotistic father who can be tolerated only because of his genuine knowledge and love of music. At thirty-seven he is a pianist known everywhere for his technical skill, but consistently misunderstood as a composer by crabbed and dense critics. His marriage is a hopeless thing, his paternal love frustrated; and when he finds a woman he really loves, her life too must end in tragedy. War breaks out in Spain; the great musician goes to find his peace in anonymity. This period is the most exciting and vivid in the novel, although the war is made to seem more a personal than an international struggle, and its causes and background are not mentioned at all. But there is understanding of the German prisoner who admits that if he were not to be shot, he would have to bomb cities again; there is a sickeningly clear description of a wounded child; and there is, above all, the feeling for Spain, the intelligence of Madrid and the courage of the Basques.

Mr. Hill's writing seems to be fused with the life of his

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tory for the Soldier" is a tragedy in which the picture of one genius is so credible that it becomes a picture of genius, universal and timeless. FREDA BARRY

The Wedding, by Grace Lumpkin. New York: Lee Furman. $2.50.

SIMPLICITY is the virtue stressed by the publishers of this novel of Southern middle-class family life (c. 1909), and indeed simplicity is the only thing it gives them to exploit. What action there is takes place in the two days leading up to the marriage ceremony on which the story ends. Victims of the Reconstruction, quiet, harassed but proud, the family of the bride must go further into debt to make the wedding an occasion—relatives are in the house, bridesmaids flutter up and down stairs, etc.—especially as the girl is the mascot of the Veterans and it is to be a Confederate wedding (enter, in the character of a walk-on, the sectional-hatred motive). There is a quarrel between the young couple which various types try their hand at patching up in time for the ceremony; there are the natural events and upsets of household life; there are people and issues that are at best tangential to the story—the runaway Negro servant, the trouble with the new and flashy divine.

But simplicity is not a virtue when it consists in repetition, redundancy and novelist's indigestion. The theme is old, of course, but so are love and poverty and pride and marriage: the conspicuous feature of the book is its dull dutiful recording of the commonplace as commonplace and of people as stock types. What with everybody restricted to feeling "important" (on one page the word comes up seven times in twenty lines) or "confident" or "like a boy who has been accused unjustly," with girls tilting their chins contemptuously or being "overwhelmed by an ecstatic joy" and men suddenly becoming aloof and "critical"—with all this over and over on all occasions, there is nobody in the book you really ever saw or really see here. OTIS FERGUSON

New Books: A Reader's List

PARADISE PLANTERS: The Story of Brook Farm, by Katherine Burton (Longmans, Green, $2.50). A group biography of Brook Farm and its inhabitants, intended to replace myth and prejudice with fact. Conversation made up of quotations from letters and other documents sometimes fails to produce convincing characters, in spite of the author's honest effort to make them come alive.

SOCIAL SECURITY, by Maxwell S. Stewart (Norton, $3.50). A new edition, brought up to the moment. Contains a persuasive argument in favor of financing social security out of current revenue derived from progressive taxation on middle and high incomes.

MY DAY IN COURT, by Arthur Train (Scribner's, $3.50). An autobiographical melange of anecdote, advice to budding writers and pungent philosophy, distilled out of a half-century of intermingled activity as trial lawyer and fiction writer. Vivid, human and redolent of the Little Old New York of yesterday.

THE VATICAN AS A WORLD POWER, by Joseph Bernhart (Longmans, Green, $4). A history of the Papacy from the time of Peter to Pius X, with particular attention to

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icy of the Church on world questions. Written by a trained theologian who believes in the divine mission of the Papacy, but recognizes that the Tiara has occasionally rested on some very unsaintly heads.

PENTHOUSE OF THE GODS, by Theos Bernard (Scribner's, $3.50). Remote Tibet as seen by a young Arizonian turned Buddhist scholar. Life among the small people and bigwigs of the sacred city of Lhasa, with religious ceremonials galore, and the author's experiences in advancing to Buddhist priesthood. Plenty of photographs.

STRAWS IN AMBER, by Naomi Jacob (Macmillan, $2.50). Here is an excellent subject in a setting Miss Jacob knows, the ups and now mostly downs of English vaudeville. But she is so lush, her dialogue so manufactured and her sentimentality so triumphant that this is the caricature of the book that might have been written.

CALL MY BROTHER BACK, by Michael McLaverty (Longmans, Green, $2). A quiet novel of family life in Northern Ireland. Not much suspense or development here but plenty of local color; the rain-swept country, the patriotism, the peasant household are all finely drawn and real.

Contributors

LELAND STOWE, formerly Paris correspondent for The New York Herald Tribune, is at present a member of the newspaper's editorial staff in New York City. He is the author of a book called, prophetically, "Nazi Means War," published in 1933.

BRUCE BLIVEN's article in this issue is taken from a pamphlet dealing with the refugee question to be published in the near future by the League for Industrial Democracy.

LEO HUBERMAN is the author of "We, The People," "Man's Worldly Goods" and "The Labor Spy Racket." He is a member of the Social Science Department at New College, Columbia University.

CHRISTOPHER ISHERWOOD, author of "The Last of Mr. Norris" and co-author of three plays with W. H. Auden, has just published a new book of stories, "Goodbye to Berlin" (Random House).

SOLOMON F. BLOOM teaches Modern European History at Brooklyn College. He is writing a book on Marx and nationalism.

EDGAR JOHNSON, the author of "One Mighty Torrent: The Drama of Biography" and "The Praying Mantis," gives a course in Poetry of the Romantic Period and one in Modern Biography at the New School for Social Research.

GUENTHER S. ANDERS is the pseudonym of an exiled German writer who has published philosophical books in German and French.

FREDA BARRY is a member of the staff of The New Republic.

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